THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

What time the earliest blue-bird's mellow call
Trilled wildly in the pauses of the storm,
And low of kine, impatient of the stall,
From the keen blowing, peat secure and warm—

The Winter stood that morn with his wan hands
Crossed o'er his dim eyes, gazing steadfastly
Down the green sloping of the far south lands,
To see the coming of Spring's heraldry—

The wild-birds flying up in dusky crowds,
Scattering faint warbles on their airy track—
Cleaving with glad wing the empurpled clouds,
That fain, for beauty's sake, would woo them back.

Along the southern hills the maple woods,
Taking the sunshine in a sweet embrace,
Hang out victorious flags of crimson buds,
Mocking the white in winter's dying face.

Or pale, with glory of young risen moons,
The midnights walk the solemn slopes of sky;
And chanting fragments of old summer tunes,
The melancholy winds go wandering by.

Oh! lion-hearted champion of the year!
Thy stormy music glens and hollows fills;
Thy breezy armies in the woods we hear,
We see thy cloudy banners on the hills!

Vex not the vanquished Winter with rude mirth;
Much reverence to his white hair belongs!
Oh, cover his lorn grave with fragrant earth,
And mock him not with thy triumphal songs!

Maryland, March 8, '59.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

Night was falling fast, and the party of horsemen rode on at a quick pace, without ever drawing a rein. They went in somewhat military array, the man in the blue scarf and another well dressed cavalier leading the way. Behind them came a party of four, with a young lady in the midst, on whom two of the horsemen seemed to bestow much care and attention, one of them holding the bridle and the other steadying her in the saddle, where the inequalities of the road, or the rapid rate at which they were proceeding, rendered her seat insecure. At the same time they continued to address her in words of comfort and assurance, telling her that no harm was intended her, that she would be perfectly well treated, and that a lady of the highest rank was awaiting to receive her with feelings of the utmost kindness and affection.

The poor girl replied not, seeming dismayed, and totally overwhelmed with her situation; but in the meantime a conversation was going on between the two personages at the head of the troop, of which she was the unconscious object.

"I don't like it at all," said the man in the blue scarf, "you had no business to do this. It is wrong in every respect: it must more or less delay us in our efforts to get back into the city, if it does not frustrate us entirely. Then, again, how is the matter to be explained, when the whole is investigated, as it certainly will be?"

"How are your own exploits to be explained, my lord?" asked the other, with a laugh: "although great allowance will be made, doubtless, for your high rank, yet a Prince of the blood royal turning cut-purse, is not easily accounted for."

"That will be explained in a moment," replied the other. "Cut off from the city with my small party, without a sou in our pockets, and obliged to find our way back somehow, money was absolutely necessary. Of course I intend to return it to the man as soon as I get to Paris."

"Well, well, you wanted the money," replied the other, "and I wanted the girl. Madame de Chevreuse may send her back again if she likes. All I know is that I promised to bring her if I could catch her, though one of the boys would have done as well, only they stuck so close to their mother there was no separating them."

"And, of course, you expect payment of some kind," said his companion.

"I hope for it, of the sweetest kind," replied the other, with a gay laugh; "but at all events, there is no use in talking about the matter any more. We have got the girl, and must keep her; *for I* suppose your highness is too gallant to turn her loose in these woods, even if I were inclined to suffer it."

His companion seemed, however, by no means satisfied, and rode sullenly on in silence, till they had quitted the forest at a point some eight miles distant from the spot at which Sir Edward Langdale and his party had entered it. At the distance of about a mile further, where a pleasant little shady dell received the waters of the river which we have already mentioned, appeared a small hamlet, with a gothic church on one side of the road and two or three houses on the other; and here one of the party proposed to stop for a few minutes and let the horses drink.

The light had not yet faded from the sky, and the clouds were still rosy with the sunset, so that when the gentleman in the blue scarf raised his eyes towards the slope which the road ascended, passing between the houses and the church, he could see distinctly two carts drawn up across the highway, with some bundles of fagots and poles joining either end of this unexpected barricade to the houses on one side and the wall of the church on the other.

"Halloo! what is here?" he exclaimed; and after gazing for an instant, he added, turning sharply to his companion, "see what a scrape you have got us into! There are a number of fellows behind those carts, and more in the church-yard. They are well armed, too. Don't you see the gleam?"

"Awkward enough," replied the other, "but I had nothing to do with it. Most likely some of the Prince's men, come in pursuit of us."

"I don't know that," replied the other, "I don't think it. Some military man must be at the head of it, that is clear; but I think we shall find— stay! who is this coming forward?"

As he spoke a man, apparently light and young, leaped the church-yard wall and advanced towards the party in the road, with a drawn sword in one hand, held loosely by the blade, and one of the large horse-pistols of the day in the other. He walked with an easy and deliberate air, as if he were merely taking a morning stroll, but still continued to advance towards the man in the blue scarf. As soon as he had come within five or six paces, so that his features could be discerned, the voice of Lucy Langdale was heard exclaiming—

"Oh, Master Bernard, help me, help me! These men are dragging me away, Heaven knows whither."

"They will not drag you any further," replied Bernard March, in a cool tone, and then added, turning to the leader of the party, "Sir, you are to set this young lady immediately free. There is no use of making any struggle about it, for *I* have three times your number on the road before you, and Sir Edward Langdale and his men are not half a mile behind you."

"And who the devil are you, *sir*!" demanded the man in the blue scarf, taking off his mask; "and how dare you stop a Prince of the blood in this manner!"

"I am the devil of nobody, sir," answered the young man in the same calm tone, "but a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land. I know you, Monsieur le Duc de L———, and that you are what you state; but as for daring, I dare just as readily fire this pistol right into your face, as I dare fire it into the head of a spavined horse, when I find you engaged in such illegal and unworthy enterprises."

"May the devil seize you, Breteuil," said the Duke, turning to his companion, "I told you how all this would end."

"It is not ended yet," answered the other.

"No, gentlemen," said Bernard March, "it is not; but if you will take my advice you will end it as soon as possible, for I hear Sir Edward's horses coming over the hill; and if he arrive, I shall have no power to make you the proposal I now do out of consideration for some of the members of the noble Duke's family, who have shown me kindness on former occasions. It is this, that you instantly put the young lady's bridle in my hand, and ride on as fast as you can go. I will order the barricade to be opened before you, and hope to have sufficient influence with Sir Edward to induce him not to pursue you. Only take my counsel, and the next time you feel inclined to carry off a young lady, who, I presume, is an heiress, do not lead her within two miles of her father's house. If you measure a bow and a string you will always find the string the shortest."

"Ventre saint gris!" exclaimed the man who had been called Breteuil, "you are a mighty cool personage. I should like to know your name."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" cried the Duke, hearing the sound of horses' feet coming rapidly along the road, "give the young lady up to him this instant and come on. We have your word that we shall pass safe, sir!"

"You have if you make haste," replied Bernard March, "but if you wrangle till Sir Edward Langdale comes up, I imagine you will be anything but safe; and the road is not very long from here to the Bastile."

As he spoke he passed the two leaders, and laid his hand on Lucy's bridle rein, adding, "be not afraid, my dear young lady. This will all pass quietly: these gentlemen have no choice."

"Come on with us, *sir*, and tell the men to open the carts," said one of the men who had been riding by Lucy's side, "*I* would willingly teach you a lesson that you would not easily forget, stripling."

"Perhaps you might receive one," replied Bernard March, with a laugh; "at all events I shall be glad to give you instruction whenever you want it;" and then he added in a stern tone, as the man seemed inclined to linger; "ride on this instant, sir, or worse will come of it."

The whole party then advanced along the road, Bernard following, calmly leading Lucy's horse, and speaking to her in quiet and kindly tones. At the barricade the Duke de L——— and his companions saw that they had been in a much more perilous condition than they imagined; for full thirty men, all carrying firearms, were assembled either behind the carts or in the church yard, and others were seen running down the road at full speed, as men too late at a general meeting. One word from Bernard March, however, caused a part of the barrier to be removed; but as the men behind still stood shoulder to shoulder he added in a voice of command,

"Let these gentlemen pass; the young lady is here, quite safe. Fall back, my men, I have promised them security."

He was obeyed at once; but evidently with reluctance, and one of the men ventured to say,

"Ah, Master Bernard, if we might but have given them one volley!"

"Would you kill your young lady, Jaques?" asked the other, reproachfully.

"You are right, sir, you are right," replied the other, "some of us might have hit her in this dull light."

"Here comes your master," said Bernard March, "those gentlemen have only got off in time," and making a sign to one of the men in the rear, he whispered a word to him, which seemed to have the effect of instantly sending away some five or six of the party.

"Ah, Master Bernard, how can I ever thank you!" said Lucy, laying her hand upon his as it rested on the pommel of her saddle.

"No thanks are needed, dear young lady," he answered. "It only required some sharp riding, and some knowledge of the roads. I saw these men at the beginning separate you farther and further from your mother, and soon divined that they had some object. My horse was ready behind the trees, and once on his back no horse in all France could catch me before I reached the chateau. I easily slipped away in the confusion, gathered some of the servants and tenants together, left word for the rest to follow, and came on here where I knew these people must pass if they took the way to Paris, as I had reason to believe they would."

"But how have you such a knowledge of the roads!" said Lucy; "you never quit the park."

Bernard did not give her a direct answer, but said in a gay tone,

"Here comes your father. You must explain all to him, or he may think I have been trying to run away with you myself."

As he spoke, Sir Edward Langdale, with several servants, came up at full speed; and in a moment Lucy was off her horse and in his arms.

"Oh, father," she cried, "I thought I should never see you or my mother again; and I should not if it had not been for the courage and kindness of Master Bernard, who cut off those wretched men here—"

"I know, dear girl," said Sir Edward. "Old Robin told me the message he left for me, and I easily conceived his plan, which I must say," he added, somewhat dropping his voice, "was more that of a general than that of a tutor."

"There is a gentleman among them, Sir Edward," said Bernard, "who wants a lesson, which I must give him. He is an old acquaintance of mine, and I am very willing to oblige him, especially in the exercise of my proper functions. But I am very glad Mademoiselle Lucy has been saved a longer ride. She has had a longer one than she counted upon. Had we not better return to the chateau, and send these good people back?"

The proposal was readily agreed to; Master Bernard's fine horse was soon brought forth from the church-yard; the peasantry and the servants took their way homeward; and the usual libations of good wine were poured forth to celebrate the little triumph.

We must pass over the joy of Lady Langdale and the younger children at the recovery of Lucy; but, of course, the evening was rather a happy one. Master Bernard indeed was about to retire almost immediately after he reached the chateau, with the same grave face he usually wore; but Sir Edward besought him to stay. Lady Langdale playfully commanded him to do so, and Lucy exclaimed warmly but timidly,

"Oh, pray stay, Master Bernard, and pass the evening with us. I shall hardly think myself safe if you are away."

"You have much better protectors than me, dear young lady," replied Bernard March, raising his look to the deep, dark eyes that were gazing upon him; "but what cavalier can refuse a lady's commands!" and he bowed gracefully to Lady Langdale.

Two or three hours were spent perhaps more pleasantly than any which had passed since Bernard's arrival at Belaye. The events of the day were discussed with frankness, and even cheerfulness, though a certain degree of thoughtful care might be seen upon Lady Langdale's face; and once she remarked,

"You say, Lucy, you heard Madame de Chevreuse's name mentioned. Will that woman never get over persecuting me?"

"I should think she had enough to occupy her in all the intrigues regarding her daughter's marriage," said Bernard March, and in a gay tone he gave a slight sketch of all the wild, frivolous, but dangerous complications which were going on in the court of the capital of France. Sir Edward Langdale remained silent; the conversation soon turned into other channels; Bernard March played upon the lute and sang a gayer song than he had given the party in the morning, and the evening ended with strange feelings in many hearts.

When Lady Langdale rose and left the room with her daughter and the younger children, Bernard March was about to retire also; but Sir Edward stopped him, holding out his hand and saying,

"I owe you an inappreciable debt; but it is not of this I want to speak, Master Bernard. You are not what you seem, yet far from me to intrude into your confidence. However, thus much I may say. These men who played us so foul a trick this evening, are evidently of the highest rank. You spoke of giving one of them a lesson. If I understand you right, you will need some one to accompany you; and I hope you will ask no one but myself."

"Oh, no, Sir Edward," replied Master Bernard, "if the man falls in my way, I may chastise him; but it is not worth my while or yours to risk our life in a pitiful quarrel with a miserable valet. Your life, my dear sir, is most valuable to your King and to your country. Unhappily the time for serving your present King is past for the present. It may come again—if not for him, for his successor; for I will own I have great fears. Reserve yourself for that time, sir; and when it does come, count upon me as one of your most devoted followers. At present, neither of us can do anything."

He spoke in the tone of a Prince; and quietly pressing Sir Edward's hand, he left the room.

much e.
gentleman's conduct, that he hardly felt inclined to let mere courtesy restrain him any longer from inquiring into the real character of his guest.

But if Sir Edward rose early, there was another who had risen earlier. Master Bernard March was gone. A note was put into Sir Edward's hand, merely informing him that business of urgent importance required Master March's absence for a few days, but that he would return as soon as possible. The latter assurance was confirmed by the fact that the youth's saddle-bags, and much of his little store of apparel had been left in his room; and Sir Edward was obliged to wait in ignorance of much that had taken place.

In the meantime, however, it may be as well to follow the course of Master Bernard March after he left the gates of the chateau about break of day. At first he rode alone, quietly patting the neck of his fine charger, and talking to him as if the animal could understand and answer; but before he had gone a mile beyond the little hamlet where the barricade had been erected, two men on horseback rode up and joined him.

"Well, Archibald," said the young gentleman, returning their respectful salutation, "have you gained any news?"

"They certainly went towards Paris, sir," replied the man, "but I think you will most probably find them somewhere about *Gien* or *Montargis*; for they say there is likely to be a battle soon in that quarter; and of course they will be there."

"I don't know that," replied Master Bernard, dryly; and rode on upon the road toward Paris, without further conversation. The two men followed at a quick but not very hasty pace, and from time to time the whole party stopped for a few minutes to refresh the horses, or to make some inquiries at a roadside inn. The result of these inquiries seemed a change of purpose; for when still some twenty miles distant from Paris, the young gentleman and his two companions took a road to the right, which led into that fine country now known as the department of the Seine and Loire. On this they rode forward, with but one halt, till night-fall, and then quartered themselves at a small inn in the suburbs of the little town of Jargeau; where the wine is remarkably good, if the reader likes to try it. There seemed to be no other travellers in the tavern; and the host and hostess were delighted at the unexpected arrival of three well-looking cavaliers. They had hardly more time, however, than to stable their horses, and the host could not even finish the description he was giving to Master Bernard of the position and movements of the Royal Army and the troops of the Fronde, when a party of six was added to the number. They were all stout, gay-looking men, mounted on very tolerable horses, and well armed—too well armed indeed, for any but troublous times and dangerous circumstances. The first who dismounted was a man not very tall but powerful in frame, and with the eye of an eagle. He sauntered up deliberately to the side of another personage much better dressed than himself, who seemed to be the leader of the party, and held his stirrup while he dismounted.

"See the horses fed, Gaillard," said the latter.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," said the man whom he called Gaillard; "but that is not my place, Monsieur Goulard. That belongs to the grooms. I'll dress your hair, or put on your shirt for you; but I don't tend horses. I'll have nothing to do with any flesh but human flesh, though I am going to have an omelet to-night; and that I'll cook with my own hands, for sure I am that the people of this place cannot cook one fit for the grinders of a gentleman's gentleman."

"Well you are a saucy valet," said the hostess, who had come out. "I have cooked for better men than you, many a time; and they all say my omelets are the best in the world."

"I'll cook one against you this night," said the valet, snapping his fingers, "for a thousand—that is to say, for fifty sous."

"Oh, an omelet, an omelet, we will all partake of the omelets!" cried the other cavaliers, "get ready, Gaillard."

"I'll bet upon Gaillard," cried one.

"I'll back the hostess," cried another.

"Ten crowns upon the hostess," said Monsieur Goulard.

"I wonder where the devil he is going to get them," muttered Gaillard. "Well, to the kitchen, to the kitchen! come, gentlemen all, and witness this single combat and my triumph. I will even give Madam Marzot her husband, mine host, into the bargain to help her, and will beat her still by two turns and a half. Invite the strangers, I pray; for this is going to be as glorious a day as that of ocrot;" and pulling off his pourpoint, he walked straight into the kitchen of the inn, calling aloud for frying pans.

The rest followed; Bernard March with his usual grave demeanor, and the rest laughing and talking, and making bets upon the valet and the hostess.

Now the kitchen of a French country inn in those days was something peculiar. It was a large room, nearly thirty feet square, with a gigantic hearth and fire-place on one side, and a bench running round three sides of the chimney, on which some ten or twelve persons could seat themselves without being roasted, though the *backe de Noel* itself—that is to say three quarters of a beech tree—was burning on the hearth. On another side of the room ran a long a large table for the service of the guests; and just opposite was a kitchen dresser of thick wood, clean and as white as snow; having behind it a rack not unlike a manger furnished with rows of pots and pans, plates and dishes, sufficient, one would have thought, for the culinary establishment of a prince. From the ceiling, which was low, depended a wooden instrument much in the form of a harrow, made of good stout bars crossing each other; and through the interstices were seen a mighty store of various comestibles, hams, tongues, uncooked chickens, a dozen different sorts of boudins, besides long strings of onions, bunches of pot herbs, some hares, and an immensely large ancient goose, very fat but apparently very tough.

The guests scattered themselves about in different groups, talking to each other in low but apparently merry tones, while Maitre Gaillard and the hostess bustled about seeking implements for the ensuing struggle. A couple of fat rosy maids came to the assistance of their mistress, and a large basket of beautiful and fresh looking eggs was produced, Madame Marzot at first seeming all confidence and even indignation, at being defied on her own field of battle. But she was resolved evidently to have every thing in order for the strife; and she was so long puffing up the fire, selecting the eggs, greasing the frying pans, and chopping the fine herbs, that some of the party began to jeer her, declaring that she was shrinking from the combat.

In the meantime, a quiet and almost whispered conversation had commenced between Monsieur Goulard and our young friend Bernard March, of which the rest of the party heard little except the words "I thought so, it was at Sedan"—"yes, just before the exchange"—"of course you are upon honor"—"you cannot doubt it."

"Good Heaven," cried the hostess almost in a scream, "the man is going put to wine in the omelet!"

"Wine," exclaimed Gaillard putting down the bottle which he held in his hand, "I thought it was oil."

"And that is just as bad," cried Madame Marzot, "when you have good fresh butter there close at hand."

"I never fry my omelets except in oil," said Gaillard in a magnificent tone.

"Fiddle!" cried the hostess: "there take the bowl, and beat up the eggs, man. I declare I don't think you know anything about it. Why you will poison the omelet with the fine herbs you have put in, a peck at least. It will be as green as grass."

"You mistake," said Gaillard solemnly, "and herein you show your ignorance of the great art and mystery of cooking. I want to make an omelet sufficient for the whole company, and after the first agglomeration of the eggs, by means of the fork, there should be ten more put in much less percussed, in order to give solidity and succulence to the whole."

This was a complete poser for poor Madame Marzot, who had never heard such fine words in her life before; and she walked about muttering something in regard to sucking eggs, in order to make an omelet of them, adding from time to time in a low voice that she believed the man was mad.

At length, however, the great moment of trial arrived, the eggs were beaten up, poured into the frying-pans, and the two adversaries advanced toward the great wide fire-place, which was now blazing famously. Gaillard at the right end, Madame Marzot on the left. The latter, with well taught skill and dexterity, fried her omelet for a minute lightly, and retired a step or two to give it that finer and more delicate toss, which doubles the omelet much into the form of a cocked hat, and leaves it ready for the hungry guest.

All had gathered around the fire-place, and were watching the proceedings of Monsieur Gaillard with a funny and somewhat doubtful expression of countenance. It seemed to most of them that he was frying the omelet a great deal too much. It hissed and frizzled and sent up great clouds of ill-savored smoke; but at length he lifted the pan from the fire, and with an arm that would knock down an ox, tossed his conglomerate up into the air.

Oh, energy, ill-applied! Oh, strength, misused! The omelet rushed up to the ceiling, struck against it with a great squelch, and rebounded into the midst of the fire.

"Accursed be all these low ceilings!" exclaimed Maitre Gaillard.

"The ceiling did not come to you, man," said Madame Marzot.

But at that moment the kitchen door opened, and followed by several others in military guise, there entered a tall, well looking man, fully armed with sword and dagger, breastplate and back-piece. Goulard and his companions drew back from the fire; Gaillard looked over his shoulder at the new comer, with one tremendous swing sent the frying pan, grease and all, into the midst of the flame; and advancing towards the door, took the stranger in his arms, exclaiming—

"Ah, Monsieur de Marsin, welcome, welcome! All must be right now, as I see you here."

"All is safe, your Royal Highness," said De Marsin, kissing his hand; "I have three companies with me at the door, which will cut the way through for you if the devil himself and all his troops stood in the way; but I must say this is the maddest enterprise that ever your Highness undertook—to march a hundred and fifty leagues through an enemy's country and across hostile armies, when Jules Mazarin would have given a million of crowns for your head."

"I may get his cheaper before I am done," answered Maitre Gaillard, with a laugh, and then turning to Bernard March, he took him by the hand, saying—"You must excuse me, sir, for not noticing you before. I have had too many proofs of your discretion not to know that though you might recognize me you would not either by word or sign betray me."

Bernard March bowed low, saying, "the Prince de Condé once seen is never to be forgotten. Indeed it was some business with your Highness which brought me hither; for although you may think it strange notwithstanding all the precautions you have taken, your departure from the South is already well known both to your friends and enemies in the North."

"All the more lucky that I escaped them both," replied Condé, "for friends would have been as inconvenient to me as enemies. But come with me to the camp; as soon as I have spoken a few words to Monsieur de Marsin, we will speak of your business there, and I may be able to give you some little entertainment—a ball or a *feu de joie* or something of that kind."

Bernard March bowed and drew back; but the Prince retired with Monsieur de Marsin into a little bed room at the side of the kitchen, and remained there in earnest conversation for nearly half an hour. In the meantime the good hostess, all in a flutter at the idea of having tossed omelets with the greatest warrior of the age, was doing her best to prepare something for her princely guest; but Condé's first words were when he returned, "To horse gentlemen, to horse! If you need a hot supper you shall have it farther on."

The journey to the head-quarters of the Prince's army was speedily performed, he and De Marsin riding first, and the rest following; but Bernard March found no opportunity of obtaining any private conversation with Condé either on the road, or for three days after their first halt. The moment they arrived at De Marsin's quarters, the Prince threw himself upon a bed, fully dressed, and in a few moments was sound asleep. The next morning by break of day, the army of the Prince was on its way to Montargis. Then followed the brief siege of that town, where Condé, in person, approaching the gates with a trumpeter by his side, summoned the garrison to surrender within an hour; and with his watch in his hand, waited till the keys were delivered up. It is true that he promised to punish resistance by hanging every citizen at his own gate; and the citizens believed that he might very probably keep his word. Thus their hesitation was not very long. The citadel, which contained vast stores of arms and ammunition, was taken with the same facility, though Condé in his bantering tone, was afterwards accustomed to call it "the miracle of Jericho." It is well known indeed, that one of the towers of the castle fell while the trumpets were blowing the summons, and the garrison was forced to surrender, though they had previously made every preparation for a vigorous defence.

Thus passed the time, however, during three or four days after the meeting of Bernard March and the Prince, before any private interview could be obtained. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE AND PERFECT.

In person small, in form a Grace;
A spirit breathing in her face;
The little whole, all soul. —*Cowley*

☞ What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman.—"Oh, I'll sell very cheap—I won't higgle about the price at all."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

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Martha Russell.
Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may farther add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

The bill introduced by the English Ministry into the House of Commons, designed to extend the exercise of the right of suffrage, seems to be fully as liberal as could have been expected, especially from a Tory Ministry. In fact we doubt whether any other Ministry, except an avowedly radical one, would have gone so far—though such noblemen as Palmerston and Russell, being out of office, may profess that they would have gone much farther.

The qualifications required of voters by the proposed Act, may be briefly stated as follows:—

Every male person of legal age, who shall be the owner of a property, whether in land or tenements, of the clear yearly value of two pounds, shall be entitled to vote. Calling two pounds ten dollars, this would represent, at a clear rental of three per cent., a property worth a little over three hundred dollars.

If the ownership in the property is merely a life estate, the clear yearly value must be five pounds, or twenty-four dollars, to entitle to a vote.

If a man shall not be an owner of property, but shall rent a house or piece of land for the sum of ten pounds, or $48.00 a year, he shall be entitled to a vote.

If he shall not rent the whole house, but shall simply occupy a certain portion of it, he must pay a yearly rent of at least twenty pounds, or ninety-six dollars.

If a man has a yearly income of ten pounds from funds invested in the National loans, the stock of the Bank of England, &c., he shall be entitled to a vote.

Or if he shall have a deposit in a Savings Bank to the amount of sixty pounds, or two hundred and eighty-eight dollars, it will entitle him to a vote.

But even the above small property qualifications are not required from every one—an exception being made in the cases of those who from their peculiar employments are supposed to have more than the average information and intelligence. Thus the following classes are entitled to vote on their educational qualifications:—Graduates of any of the Universities; ordained priests or deacons of the Church of England; officiating ministers of other denominations; Barristers, and certificated Pleaders and Conveyancers; Attorneys and Solicitors; members of the Medical Profession; and Schoolmasters holding a certificate from the Committee of her Majesty's Council on Education.

The apportionment of the members of the House of Commons, among the different constituencies, seems, however, not to be much altered in the Ministerial bill. Fifteen double boroughs are reduced by the bill to single memberships, and the fifteen so taken away are given to a few populous counties and cities. But if the representations made by Mr. Bright are correct, and we have little doubt that they are, this would seem to be dealing far too tenderly with this branch of the subject. While it would be hardly consistent with the idea which underlies the British Constitution to arrange the representation with a single eye to numbers, we should think that a reasonable consideration of the claims of the larger constituencies could hardly be avoided. As an Opposition, however, must have something to attack, it may have been the intention of the Ministry to frame the bill in such a manner as would allow them to yield something more, when demanded by the exigencies of the Parliamentary contest. We can hardly suppose that in respect to this part of the scheme, the bill embodies the ultimatum of the Ministry. They will doubtless concede more to any strong pressure, and make a merit of it.

In this country the principle of Universal Suffrage seems to be firmly established—notwithstanding a few discrepancies in practice. We have thought, however, in presenting the above abstract, that it might prove interesting to our readers, as showing how it is proposed to manage matters hereafter in England.

THE GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—Last week's number of the *Telegraph* opened its *thirtieth* volume—the first volume having been published twenty-nine years ago. Although we do not belong to the Editorial Union of this State, we may be allowed to congratulate our contemporary upon his success. The *Telegraph* is a very well edited paper, and although the military blood in its editor's veins sometimes proves a little too much for him, still a little fallibility in an editor, as in other distinguished characters, is often rather pleasing to his readers than otherwise, as proving him to be

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily *(or weekly)* food."

Success, therefore, to the *Telegraph*, and may its subscription list never grow less—but double itself with every succeding volume.

THE SOUTHERN TRADE DIRECTORY.—A nicely bound, compact trade directory of business houses in Philadelphia and New York, designed exclusively for Southern circulation, is in course of preparation by Mr. Butler of the latter city. Properly speaking, it is a portable memoranda book, with advertisements on alternate pages. It is to be given away through the medium of Douglas's Mercantile Agency, and thus gratuitously circulated among the mercantile classes at the South, we should think it offers a good way of making one's business known in that region.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

J. T. K. Any of the booksellers who advertise in THE POST, would give you the information desired much better than we could.

ENQUIRER. It seems that the lady being a "little slow" about answering his letters, he was a little quick at taking offence—this appears to be the sum and substance of the case. Let him write anew, saying he was over hasty, and asking whether it would displease her to have the correspondence reopened. As to his fear of being refused at last, that is of no consequence whatever. If she gives him sufficient reason to believe that he will be accepted, let him propose. Then, if she accepts him, it is all right; and if she rejects him, he has been mistaken as to the sincerity and nobleness of her character, and is well rid of her. No man should be ashamed of being refused, who has been encouraged to the point of making a proposal—the shame is with the deceiver, not the deceived. Some young gentlemen however are so vain and silly, as to mistake the commonest politeness on the part of a lady, for marks of peculiar favor. "Abe Spicer's" case is an instance, in the story of "The Scout."

B. L. A. We do not wonder that your astronomical lecture—demonstrating that the earth does *not* turn on its axis—should have surprised your audience. Your references to Scripture—to Joshua, Second Kings, Isaiah, &c.—no doubt are very convincing, but we do not, you know, touch disputed Scriptural points in THE POST. There are other people, however, of your way of thinking in the world—for instance, a wealthy old gentleman in the neighborhood of this city. He does not rely so much upon the Scriptural argument, as upon the fact that if he leaves a bucket of water stand out in the yard over night, the water is all there in the morning—and he argues that this could not be, if the common belief that everything turned upside down once in every twenty-four hours were correct. In reference to these matters we may say, that, "if seeing is believing," the sun certainly does rise in the east, and set in the west, while the earth remains perfectly stationary. And if a vote were taken of all mankind upon this subject, doubtless the men of your way of thinking would be in a large majority—and you know that the politicians say, "Vox Populi vox Dei," which may be freely translated, "What everybody says must be true." For ourselves, we acknowledge that we hold to the common belief of the astronomical world—faith being, we suppose, quite an influential element in our composition. Certain men whom we know to be learned and wise having investigated this and other matters, we are disposed to believe what they tell us—especially when we see eclipses, &c., coming to pass according to their predictions made months and years before. By the way, doubtless our correspondent also can easily foretell an eclipse—a man who is wise enough to correct the astronomical world in the most important matters, of course is fully booked up upon such trifles as that.

J. B. C. We judge the "Handbook of Criminal Law" to be a work designed for the legal profession. It probably has not been reprinted in this country. Any Philadelphia bookseller probably would import it for you.

J. F. Perhaps so, but if we are not mistaken, tables of statistics are about as uninteresting to the general reader as anything could well be.

INQUISITOR. We know nothing, one way or the other, about the concern in question.

CATO. Having seen the question in the Post, "What flower do you prefer?" Cato answers, "Wheat flour." "What Post?" Cato answers, "Being a Roman Catholic, Pope." "In what age of the world would you have rather lived?" Cato says—probably being no better than he ought to be, and confessing that he likes to "steal kisses"—"the dark ages." Cato, we judge, is a little fond of joking—a bad practice, unless done well.

YOUTH. You may well be pardoned for being duped so easily, when crowds of those of maturer years are duped every day. Anything is termed "gold" now-a-days which is simply gilt—and which, in the olden times, was called gilt. For instance, take a set of common shirt studs, made of some base metal, and put on them an extremely thin plate of gold, by the galvanic process, and you have "a beautiful set of gold shirt-studs, worth one dollar," the real cost of which was about six cents. And so with gold rings, gold pencils, &c. To make a "splendid breast pin, worth two or three dollars"—you take a piece of colored glass, and insert it in a frame prepared like the shirt stud—whole cost probably at least ten cents.

A. S. R. Our greatest objection to the beard's growing entirely over the lower part of the face, is that it makes it more difficult to judge of a man's character. The lines and shape of the mouth and chin are apt to be greatly affected by a man's moral principles, and his course in life. We have met men again and again, and never felt sure as to what they were, simply because of the hair on the lower part of the face. With some, we have been tempted to say, Off with that hairy mask, that we may see what you are. For this reason, we do not think it tyrannical in certain English Bank Directors, to forbid their clerks, &c., to let their beards grow. We grant that the argument in favor of the beard, drawn from the simple fact of nature's having given it, is an almost unanswerable one—this argument though would not prevent the trimming of the beard when it has reached a moderate length, but simply its entire shaving off. For instance, all of us agree, having hair on the head, that it should be allowed to stay there, and not be shaved off as some nations do, to the very scalp—but this does not prevent our keeping it of a reasonable length. And this is merely in accordance with the general principle, that naught that is natural is to be extirpated, but to be regulated.

In old times it used to be quite customary for fathers to will more to the sons than to the daughters, and more to one son than to the others, but the tendency of things now-a-days is to an equal distribution among children, without regard to sex or age—except in very peculiar cases—as being most in accordance with justice and right.

AMERICAN. It is generally held that the place of birth determines the nativity. For instance, if a child is born in France during the temporary residence of his parents, who are American citizens, in that country, it would be held by most that he is by birth a Frenchman. We incline, however, ourselves, a little to the opinion of the Irishman, who said, "An' sure if a man were born in a stable, it would not prove he was a horse." Congress, too, seems to have been somewhat of the same opinion, for we believe that a late law declares that the children of American citizens, born during a temporary residence abroad, shall be considered, and have all the rights of, American citizens.

VINOUS. If you want wine entirely free from drugs, we know no other way than to make it yourself. Wait till the currant season comes, and then look over the back numbers of THE POST, and find a receipt for making currant wine, published some six months ago. Perhaps you had better differ from the receipts, in lessening the quantity of sugar a little, as nearly all currant wine is made too sweet, and sweet things are apt to cloy. Currant wine, gooseberry wine, elderberry wine, and other home-made wines, are good enough for people in general—and you can be certain of having them pure, which you cannot be of *any* imported wine, or, we fear, of any purchased domestic wine. Even our respected friends of the Ohio vineyards, we have heard accused of tampering with their wines, and although we hope this is not true, yet considering the depravity of the age, we should not be surprised at almost anything. We know, when the other day at a friend's house, that said friend produced a bottle of what he affirmed to be a genuine Ohio wine, perfectly pure and unadulterated, given to him some years ago; and further said that the manufacturer had since found it necessary to doctor his wine a little, to suit the public taste. If nothing worse than sugar were used in the doctoring, we should not care much; but when once the inventive genius of a manufacturer begins to experiment upon his commodity, who can tell where he will stop? We may add that the pure wine in question did not please the company very well—one of the number suggesting that it had a strong flavor of bilge water. Perhaps therefore the manufacturers are somewhat excusable in doctoring their wines a little.

C. H. M. Already guessed. We do not think your conundrum is as good as ours, though of course we have a natural partiality for our own bantlings. When you get to be an editor, you too will have the privilege of printing your own bad conundrums, and refusing other people's. That will probably be your grain of sweet in a peck of sour.

☞ "My dear," said Tom's wife the other day, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?" "One of your smiles," replied Tom, who always got a snack in the city; "I can dine on that every day." "But I can't," replied the wife. "Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went about his business. He returned to dinner. "This is an excellent goose; what did you pay for it?" said he. "Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied the wife. "You did!" exclaimed he, "then you shall have the money the next time you go to market."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 183—Adults 81, and children 102.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Our book-table groans under its weight of new volumes. First under our hand is the new twenty-five cent edition, in paper covers, of the Waverley Novels (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.) Of these we have IVANHOE and GUY MANNERING; the others to follow in due time.

JUDGE WILSON'S NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, (James Challen & Son, Philadelphia,) has been cordially abused by various journals of the *Daily Dunderhead* order; and is therefore very probably a work of great value. This is not the place for the careful review the work deserves, but we may say briefly that it stands, fair and square, in opposition to Mr. Prescott's account of the Conquest, and certainly appears to demolish the Spanish authorities on whom Mr. Prescott so relied. Under Mr. Wilson's analysis, the entire gorgeous fabric built by Prescott dissolves away into "air—thin air." Following the Hon. Lewis Cass and the Hon. Albert Gallatin, he annihilates all claims the Spanish historians have to credibility, and fully vindicates the good monk Las Casas's denunciations of the whole tribe. It is impossible to deny, with a fair mind, the force of Mr. Wilson's conclusions. He writes like an able lawyer, accustomed to weigh and balance testimony, and besides, he has the advantage, which Prescott had not, of a personal survey of the country of which he has written. We cannot but think his book will stand as one of our best authorities on the subject of the Aztec civilization. Its fresh, pungent, combative style renders it highly amusing, irrespective of the value of its views.

DR. J. AITKEN MEIGS had published a catalogue of Human Crania in the collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; also a pamphlet containing important hints to Craniographers and all persons interested in ethnological studies and discoveries; and also his valedictory address—generous, vigorous, and learned—to the Graduating Class of March in the Philadelphia College of Medicine.—These publications may be had of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR 1859, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) lets us know all of marked importance that has been done in the past year, in the scientific field, for "the relief of the human estate," as Bacon's phrase has it. An interesting volume.

Of quite another sort is the interest of Mr. James Nack's ROMANCE OF THE RING, (Delisser & Proctor, New York,) a book of verse which, we must own, is rather praiseworthy for its good feeling and sentiment, than for any evidence it gives of the presence of the poetic faculty. At all events, no one can dispute that there is poetry of a much higher order in Miss Muloch's lovely fairy story, ALICE LEARMONT, (Mayhew & Baker, Boston,) though cast in the form of prose. This purges the film from our eyes, and restores to us "old Fairy Land's miraculous show." Every reader will be charmed with its wierd and tender beauty.

Like the rasping of a file after this music of Elf-Land, are the heroics and statistics of Mr. Peter Stout, Late Vice-Consul, in his NICARAGUA, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, (John R. Potter, Philadelphia.) What could have induced Mr. Stout, after writing such a book, to add the superfluous folly of publishing it, one is at a loss to imagine! Exquisite rhodomontade and fustian it is, at any rate. How reliable is its information, we know not; but there can be no doubt about its indiscriminate massacre of the English language. Mr. Stout has an evident bias against the English Government, but why extend his animosity to the English tongue? Not the least singularly and perplexingly ungrammatical of his sentences is one on p. 362, where he sets himself up in judgment (precious critic that he is!) on Judge Wilson's History of the Spanish Conquest.—The style and diction of this book make it positively a curiosity.

Mr. F. W. Evans's SHAKERS AND SHAKERISM (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) gives a good compendious account of the origin, history, life and doctrines of these strange and worthy Communists. But while the saints of New Lebanon eschew marriage entirely, the sinners of New York cultivate it to the extent of establishing Matrimonial Brokerage Offices; and of his curious and amusing adventures in making the tour of these, a reporter of the New York Press has given us the record in his book on MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS.—(Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York.) The adventure with the notorious Mrs. Cunningham in the last part of this volume, sounds, we must think, rather Munchausenish; yet it may be true, and if it is, it casts a new and rather ominous light on her character.

In BALLYMAHAN CASTLE (Delisser & Proctor, New York,) we have a decided pro-Protestant, anti-Catholic novel, which he that runs may read, and he that wishes not to read may run from. Both running readers and unreading runners, however, can pause without quarrel, to look at Alice Cary's pleasant PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. (Derby & Jackson, New York.) Though living where bloom around her only the red brick walls of the great metropolis, Alice Cary's heart is always with the daisies, and this new book is the proof of it.

Different in kind is the volume of stories entitled TERESHAN AND HIS FRIENDS, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) This book is Decameronian in plan—a party of ladies and gentlemen thrown together in a hostelry at romantic Matlock, in England, alternately tell the tales which we have here. Among these the one entitled "The Millionaire in Spite of himself," is very clever.

Madame Lola Montez has favored an anxious public with another work, bearing the alluring title of ARMOURS OF LOVE. (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.) But, alas! this mischief-promising title is most deceptive, for nothing could be more decorously dull than these little historical scraps, and only once or twice do we perceive a furtive sparkle in the eye of the narrator.

A good compact popular memoir is Mr. Samuel M. Smucker's LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, (Duane Rollison, Philada.,) which also contains extracts from the statesman's best speeches.

Then comes Bishop Kip's eloquent treatise on THE HISTORY, ORIGIN, AND PROPER OBSERVANCE OF THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT (Delisser & Proctor, New York); and then, full of tender and holy cathedral light and beauty, the HYMNS OF THE AGES, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) a volume of sacred poetry which every Christian will deeply prize.

Carlyle's noble essay on the LIFE AND POETRY OF ROBERT BURNS, has been reprinted in a nice little volume (Delisser & Proctor, New York); and Mr. John S. C. Abbott, well-known as the author of the historical romance which he called "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," has issued another book, entitled THE EMPIRE OF AUSTRIA, (Mason Brothers, New York,) which, let us hope, is decently credible.

Those who prefer cards and candlelight to book and candle, and who think with Dickens's character that "whist is a noble and a princely game," will find in the little book on THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF WHIST (D. Appleton, New York,) a valuable manual and the latest London authority.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. February. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE HORTICULTURIST. March. C. M. Saxton, New York. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY. January. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. March. Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Va.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

Among the few new books I have had time to open since my return from wandering, are a couple of Ticknor's late publications—two volumes of poems, but so utterly different, that I can but contrast them together.

One is a charming little book called "*Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland*," a reprint, edited by a noble and accomplished woman, Mrs. N. Silsbee, of Salem, Mass.,—the other is a complete collection of the poems of Mrs. Kemble. One is the simple, cheery love music of happy firesides, the tender crooning of doting mother hearts—the other is the passionate plaint, the homeless, desolate cry of one who wanders without, in night and tempest, bereaved and despairing.

These nursery songs are all written by distinguished Scottish poets and scholars—and are quite remarkable as poems, while for purity and sweetness of sentiment, they are quite unsurpassable, I think.

The first gives the title to the volume, and is the most quaintly, daintily beautiful of all I met with it several years ago, and while a thousand greater, perhaps more useful, things have been forgotten, it has held a charmed life in my memory. Once get it nested in your heart, and all the ravens of melancholy, owls of wisdom, and vultures of care are powerless to drive it thence. It stays and sings to you forever. Nay, dear G——, don't shake your head, and remind me that you are not one of us. There is the soul of motherhood in every woman, born of woman, though in some slack! it lies dormant through a whole earth-life.

I believe that the sourest tempered elderly spinster that ever turned up her thin nose at the foolish fondness of young mammas, or inveighed against the noise and trouble of children, has somewhere, in some dim, unvisited closet of her nature a little of "the sweet milk of *mother*-kindness;" so do not you, in the sauciness of happy youth, "deny the soft impeachment."

To prove that I am right, and for the pleasure of the mothers who may be looking over your manly shoulders, I shall proceed to quote that same simple little nursery song.—"*Wee Willie Winkie*," by the way, seems to be a small, allegorical personage—the young genius or sprite of sleep—little Morpheus in kilts; and a mother in desperation at the wakefulness of a roguish bairn, invokes his aid:—

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town.
Up stairs and down stairs
In his night-gown.
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?
For it's now ten o'clock."

Hey! Willie Winkie.
Are you coming ben?
The cat's singing "purrie"
To the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep,
But here's a wakefu' laddie
That will not fall asleep.

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glowering like the moon!
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I know not what,
Waking sleeping folk.

Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still!
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel;
Pulling at the cat's ear,
As she drowsy hums—
Hey! Willie Winkie,
See!—there he comes!

Wearied is the mither
That has a restless wean.
A wee stumpy bairnie
Heard where'er he's seen—
That has a battle eye with sleep
Before he'll close an ee,
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives strength anew to me.

I think this is the sweetest thing in the book, but it is followed by many delightful little poems, and for its remarkable purity, tenderness and melody, the collection well deserves the praise of Lord Jeffrey, who says of it:—

"There are more touches of genuine pathos, more happy, poetical, and above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns."

It is strange that such simple little home strains could kindle kindly warmth in the arctic nature of the merciless old reviewer, who with bitter blasts of criticism was wont to wither whole sweet summers of song—and to freeze to death the passionate hearts of young poets.

The editor has seen fit to make some changes in the text of these poems, in order to render it quite intelligible to American readers. I for one should have preferred the dear old dialect, with a glossary, for such as are unfamiliar with it. If simplification were an object, I cannot understand the propriety of using in this volume, the old fashioned type. I abominate the treacherous long *s*, which was forever tripping me up and misleading me in my first eager, breathless run through *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

It were well I suppose, if such poetry as this beautiful volume contains, could in every nursery, supercede all silly ditties, and silence with its sweet silver cadences, the senseless, superannuated gabble of *Mother Goose*. Yet, I know not. To be foolish at times, is the glorious privilege of childhood and genius, and the banishment of Mother Goose would, I doubt not, be followed by such a squall as never before swept the domestic seas—by a nursery rebellion that would shake the land. No, the best and highest aids to the mother must, after all, act as subordinates to the dear old traditionary granny, whose very absurdities have become classical, whose silliness venerable, and who, sooner or later, will make the acquaintance of all the little ones, in lofty palace halls, or under the low roof of the shieling.

We may as well invite the ridiculous old fairy to the christening; for slight her, bar her out as we may, some perverse, or incautious nursery maid will let her in, and she will have her say, for good, or ill, over the cradle of the child.

Mrs. Kemble's poems are singularly fragmentary—in thought, if not in form,—so much so, as in some instances to leave a most unsatisfactory impression on the mind. This volume is full of fine beginnings and sudden endings—of dramatic starts, points and pauses—it is a succession of bursts of fitful passion—it is poetry in gusts.

None of the poems are trifling in sentiment, or weak in expression. All have the dignity of thought,—of thought oftentimes so intense that it seems to have been intolerable to the writer. She seems to quail before the gloomy spirits her own sad genius has invoked. Every page speaks the strength of a great nature—yet is the strength not unfeminine. It is the full throbbing of an impetuous, passionate heart—sometimes stormy, sometimes wild to madness, but always womanly—when most bitter and fierce and rebellious, still womanly,—not the calm, steady working, the well governed force of a mighty, manly brain.

It is strange that we find in this volume no traces of the brilliant wit, the rich, comic humor which Mrs. Kemble's early acting and later dramatic readings have proved her to possess. We have here the passionate plaining of Juliet, the wild, indignant grief of Constance, the proud sorrow of Katherine,—but nowhere the saucy satire, the sparkling raillery of Beatrice—the merry, frolicksome spirit, the daring, dashing, yet delicate gayety of Rosalind. The gloom and the chill of a most unhappy fortune are over all. It is an exceeding sorrowful book—a book to make shadows in a sunny place. It is sad in turning over its pages, to find the brightest among them tinted with sombre autumnal colors—to see how its sweetest flowers of fancy, like Alpine roses, bloom amid dreary wastes of deadly cold and border on abysmal darkness.

It is, at best, but anguish made musical by genius. It is as full of images of desolation and ruin, as a picture of Thebes—as full of solemn sorrow as is the sea of moaning, —of wild and fearsome loneliness, as the "blasted heath" of Macbeth,—of hopeless grief, as a pine forest of sighing.

With all my recognition of the great dramatic power of the poet, the last splendid outflowering of Kemble genius, I should lay down the book of the *woman*, with a profound commiseration oversweeping nearly all other feelings—scarce leaving room for admiration—making envy impossible,—were it not for two or three of the later poems, which come as a blessed relief to one's overwrought sympathies. Amid the ruins of early affections rises a fair temple—a pure, white altar of mother-love and praise,—the restless, moaning deep of yearning womanhood, gives out strange tones of joy, —a young "Acacia tree" in full blossom brightens and sweetens for a space, the "blasted heath,"—the sunlight of God's love pierces the gloom of the pine forest, and little birds of hope nest among the shadowy boughs, striving to sing down the solemn murmurs—the melancholy surges of sound.

I—— was telling me the other day, an incident related in his presence, which in a queer way, conveyed a fine tribute to the genius of a poet.

The subject of poetry and poets coming up, in a party of gentlemen, one of them, a frank, outspoken individual, recounted an experience, and gave in his testimony after this manner:—

"Some ten or twelve years ago, it happened that I was one night overtaken by mine enemy—I was *fou*—in short, I was, to use the plain, true, honest word—*drunk*. In the midst of it, I went into a restaurant, and sat down alone, by a table, leaning my heavy head on my hands. After some minutes, I perceived that an old newspaper lay before me, and after a few moments more, my sight steadied itself upon a poem, which headed one of the columns. I think the title—'*To a Dandelion*,' first attracted my attention. It brought up a pleasant memory of childhood, which seemed like a fresh breeze blowing on my hot and dizzy forehead. I began to read it. At first, the lines reeled before me—the words mixed themselves up together in inextricable confusion. But presently, the tender, penetrant beauty of the poem reached my heart through all the mist

and murk of my drunkenness—the genius of the poet mastered me—almost sobered me. I read the lines again. They still reeled somewhat, but I felt my way down them, and again my heart thrilled faintly to their exquisite melody and majestic sweep of thought.

"When I left the restaurant, I stole the old newspaper, and took it home with me.

"I woke late the next morning, to find that of the events of the preceding night I could distinctly recall nothing, except the little incidents of the poem. The *Dandelion* had taken root in my heart. I found the old newspaper in my pocket—re-read the lines, and found them all the more beautiful considered by daylight and 'sober second thought.'

"There was no name attached to the poem—I had no idea who was the author. I cut it out, and put it in my Scrap-book, where I treasured it up for several years.

"A summer or two ago, being at Boston, and in at Ticknor's, I took up a volume of Lowell's poems—a blue and gold edition, and opening at random, my eye fell first on some lines '*To a Dandelion.*' It was 'mine ancient!' The little mystery was solved—and at last, I knew who to thank for a great pleasure.

"I bought the book, for the poem's sake,—but when honorably fathered and sumptuously apparelled, *that* was no dearer to me than had been the dirty little foundling of the restaurant."

Moral:—Good wine needs no bush—good poetry no gilding.

I wish I could add a more moral moral. I should really like to be able to say that the chance reading of that noble poem, wherein the commonest of wayside flowers is transfigured, till it leaves a sweeter and more glowing impression on the mind, than on the senses the most fragrant of violets, and sumptuous of roses—redeemed that young man—divorced him from the wine-cup for ever. It may have done all that, but I don't *know* it;—and as I am not writing a temperance tract, or a Sunday School Memoir, I will e'en stick to the facts, as they have come to me.

As the Winter was a monster, born with all his teeth, like Richard of Gloster—so Spring comes to us breathing the sweetness, crowned with the sunlight of Summer. It is a marvelous unseasonable season. The Sun hangs fondly over Earth, caressing her with light—and Earth yearns back, in the tender green of the grass, in swelling buds, in the still smile of valley lakes and the happy murmur of mountain brooks.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

—*Tennyson.*

☞ God gives riches to asses, to whom he cannot give anything else.—*Martin Luther.*

☞ We heard a man call another man an extortioner the other day, for suing him a day or two before. "Why, friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you." "To oblige me, indeed,—how so?" "Why, to oblige you to pay me."

☞ A gentleman who was admiring the spirited manner in which Miss Davenport played the part of Peg Woffington, was told that she resided at Lynn, celebrated for the manufacture of shoes. "Ah!" that accounts," he exclaimed, "for her success. It might be expected that a *Peg* with a great *sole* should come from Lynn."

☞ Sentimental Youth.—"My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical Girl.—"How large is your lot, sir?"

☞ An Universal Favorite.—Generally, an universal fool, or else an universal humbug.—*Punch.*

☞ Both religion and philosophy demand energy of will and calmness of judgment, and without these two conditions united, there can be neither justice nor dignity, nor any fixed principles.—*Silvio Pellico.*

☞ When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, it "is so very *singular* they don't get married."

☞ To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is not necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favorable to knowledge of manners: a private, to a knowledge of character.

☞ Do you remember the story of Frederick the Great and the sentinel, on the very cold wintry night? "Why don't you smoke?" the King, incognito, says. "Against orders; musn't," sentinel replied. "Oh, but *you* may; I give you leave." "Can't help it; musn't." "I tell you, fool, that I will bear you harmless: *I am the King.*" What does the sentinel answer to this? "The King be ———," he replied; "*what would my Captain say?*" Moral:—Always obey your immediate superior.

☞ Mr. Samuel Rogers's second volume of poems lost the banking-house one of its richest clients. The gentleman incontinently withdrew his money from the custody of a firm, one of whom was openly and unblushingly addicted to—rhyming. "Sir," affirmed he, when remonstrated with, "if I knew that my banker had ever even *said* a good thing, I would close my account with him the next morning." To have written such, and in verse, too, was in his eyes almost a declaration of insolvency.

☞ According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is too generally the client, and not the lawyer, "who puts his foot in it."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Deluge of Pamphlets—First Fruits of Intervention—Public Policy—The New Cannon—An Unpopular Pair—How a Corsican Missed Becoming an Englishman, an Upholder of the House of Bourbon, and an Imitator of King Henry VIII.

Paris, February 24, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The main "feature" of the past week has been the numerous pamphlets on the subject of "the situation" which have appeared here in rapid succession; some against, others in favor of, the "upset-policy" of his Majesty the Emperor in regard to Austria, Italy, and the world in general. But although anonymous pamphleteers, writers of editorials (moved thereto by reiterated circulars unwillingly addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the various Prefects, exhorting them to induce the journalists to "support the honor of France, and the views of the Emperor,") still put forth arguments and exhortations in favor of the Imperial policy, the mass of the people is opposed to all idea of war. It is felt that the country is in urgent need of repose, of friendly relations with its neighbors; that it cannot stand the pressure of war except at a cost by no means easily borne; and that everything will be "at sixes and sevens" in domestic affairs, if war be entered upon, no matter what may be its pretext.

The heavy failures in Lyons, Orleans, and other important commercial centres, consequent on the anxiety and stagnation produced by the dread of war, are well known, despite the silence maintained on the subject by the French press; and it is felt that these catastrophes are but the prelude to the wider ruin that must follow a conflict with a Power like Austria, armed to the teeth, and resolute in the assertion of traditional right, and the "possession" guaranteed to her by treaties. But notwithstanding the opposition of all classes of the people, and the addresses sent in by the principal provincial centres, the Emperor seems to be in no hurry to change his course. The utmost activity is reported as prevailing in all the arsenals and dockyards of the country; and the new artillery devised by the Emperor, or credited to him, is being manufactured with the greatest possible haste. It is said that the cannon, guns, and rifles, manufactured on the new system, will carry their deadly charge to a distance, and with a precision of range, such as has never been dreamed of by the artillery-men of past days. New forms of war-boats, amply provided with the means of hurling certain destruction at enemies many miles off, while their crews are protected against the possibility of harm, are understood to be in course of construction in immense numbers; while stores of ammunition are being collected on an enormous scale, and horses are being purchased in such numbers that the Government stables are unable to receive them.

Prince Napoleon being considered, rightly or wrongly, to be the "leading spirit" of the war-party here, is just now about as unpopular as a man can be; and the demands for additional "dotations" for himself and his wife, recently brought forward, and just passed by the Senate, are regarded with extra displeasure in consequence. In fact, if the poor little Princess who has just been "wooed and won" with such undignified haste, be at all aware of the real feeling with which the recent alliance between her family and that of the Emperor is regarded by the French people, she would very naturally wish herself safe back in her father's Court. She is, meantime, made much of by the other members of the Imperial family; is being shown the "lions" of the capital by her sharp-featured and bald-headed father-in-law, who has fitted up for her a beautiful little chapel, opening out of her bedroom; the young wife of one of the most thoroughly and ignobly dissipated middle aged Frenchmen of the day being so exceedingly devout that the ordinary chapel of the Palace is not sufficient for her. What with her beautiful oratory, the splendors of her "*corbeille*," the brilliance of her position in this brilliant Court, and the hope, probably instilled into her by her father and his advisers, of being the means of increasing the lustre and extent of her father's kingdom, this bride of less than sixteen summers, of highly cultivated mind, and most amiable and gracious nature, is no doubt, for the present, perfectly contented with her lot.

While Europe is awaiting, in restless anxiety, the turning of the balance of war, it is curious to recall the rise of the "dynasty," the ambition, and perhaps also the necessities, of whose chief are threatening the world with so much evil. I need hardly remind my readers of the hatred borne by the young, ardent and impetuous "Napoleon Bonaparte," the twelve year old Corsican patriot, to the French, those detested tyrants of his conquered native isle, nor of the many deep-laid schemes devised by the incipient soldier for driving them out of Corsica. But it is, perhaps, less generally known that the young man, fellow-student of Arthur Wellesley in the Military School of Brienne—strange *rapprochement* of the future Emperor and of the Iron Warrior destined to pull him down from his place of power!—actually presented himself, under the auspices of Gen. Paoli, to the British Governor of Corsica, during the short time that that island was held by Great Britain, and demanded to be allowed to enter the service of England. The British officials in Corsica, being neither disciples of Lavater, nor possessed of the power of reading the future, declined this application, and the pale-browed, eagle-eyed youth subsequently entered the service of the conquerors whom he had so cordially hated. Think of the difference that would have been produced in the history of the last seventy years, (and of how many years to come!) had Napoleon Bonaparte made an English citizen of himself! A few years after this repulse, the young soldier offered his services to Louis XVI., to whom he addressed a letter containing an elaborate project for the rescue of the simple-minded king from the snares of the revolutionists, who were preparing to take him in their toils; he offered to deliver the king from the impending ruin, provided he were placed in command of the army, and had his proposals been accepted, he would no doubt have been as good as his word. But the king saw no farther into the millstone of the future than the British Governor of Corsica had done before him; the young officer's communication remained unanswered, and the Revolution prepared the field for the career of the "Child of Destiny." So near was this career, it would seem, to being utterly changed in its character and direction! And yet, the "Destiny" worked itself out, and the world has not yet got beyond the influences it brought with it and left behind it.

Directly chargeable, in part at least, to the policy of the Great Conqueror towards the Court of Rome, is the continuance of those administrative abuses which require the aid of an Austrian army in the Legations, and of a French army in Rome itself, and thus afford "the nephew of his uncle," a pretext for disturbing the peace of the world. Of the policy of the First Napoleon towards Rome, many curious particulars are given in the "notes" drawn up by Cardinal Gonsalvi, the nuncio charged by Pius VII. to defend the interests of the papacy at the Court of the Tuileries. These "notes" were prepared by the Cardinal during his exile at Rheims, in 1812; and have recently been given to the world by an ardent defender of the papacy, M. Cretineau-Joly, who has published a violent book intended to show that the tendency of modern society is towards revolution and anarchy, and that the world can find safety only in a prompt and complete return to the bosom of the Church of Rome. From this curious document, which has been communicated to M. Joly, by the Powers that rule in Rome, we learn how sharp was the struggle between the contracting parties; the Emperor feeling the necessity of conciliating the good graces of Rome, and the latter determined to give its sanction to the "usurper" only on receipt of an equivalent for the service.

Joseph Spina, Archbishop of Corinth, and the theologian Caselli, had been sent to Paris to open the negotiations respecting the intended concordat. The First Consul had joined with them the Abbe Bernier, whose name had become popular during the wars of La Vendee. But these negotiators got into such difficulties, and found it so impossible to come to an understanding, that Bonaparte insisted on the presence of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the most intimate friend and counsellor of Pius VII., who accordingly came to Paris to try to accommodate matters, so as to render a concordat possible. The warrior and the churchman seem to have been pretty evenly matched.

"Both were still young," says M. Joly, "both possessed in a supreme degree the genius of the politician, a coquetry of wiliness worthy of the fairer sex, and the consummate prudence of experienced diplomatists. Like all the great political geniuses of Italy, so well appreciated by Machiavelli, neither could be described as a single being, both of them being "half swans, half foxes." An odd illustration; but one of which it is not difficult to seize the real meaning. The Cardinal took leave of his master on the 6th of June, 1801, and reached Paris after a rapid journey of fifteen days. The First Consul received him very haughtily. "I desire," said he, "that the conferences be opened without delay. I give you five days for bringing the work to an end; if it be not terminated in that time, you will return at once to Rome; for I have quite made up my mind that *that* will most likely be the end of our attempt to come to an understanding."

The Abbe Bernier was accordingly instructed to resume the interrupted negotiations; the Cardinal, at his request, drawing up a memorandum of the points demanded by Rome.—This memorandum, read and commented on upon its margin by Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, was laid before the First Consul. The debates now went on in earnest, and in the stormiest manner, neither party being willing to yield a jot of its pretensions; but on the eve of the day appointed for the close of the negotiations, a compromise appeared to be agreed upon, and the Abbe Bernier was empowered to sign the concordat in the name of the French Government, the three papal agents signing for the Pope.

On the following day the contracting parties met at the house of Joseph Bonaparte for the signing of the treaty. A short note in the *Moniteur* of that morning, had announced the happy termination of the affair.

The plenipotentiaries having exchanged the usual civilities, seated themselves round the table. Joseph Bonaparte, as the brother of the First Consul, claimed the right of being the first to sign. But the Cardinal, as representing the Pope, demanded that this honor should be accorded to him; and Joseph courteously yielded the point.

The Abbe Bernier had brought two copies of the treaty. Contrary to ordinary usage, these copies were not collated, and the Abbe offered one of them to the Cardinal, requesting him to append his signature to it. Gonsalvi glanced at the first few lines of this document, and perceived that this treaty, thus presented for his signature, was wholly unlike the arrangement which had been consented to by both parties on the preceding day; and a more lengthened examination of the document showed him that it contained numerous provisions which had been already absolutely refused by the Pope.

"A proceeding of such a character," says Gonsalvi, in his memoirs, "incredible, but really attempted, paralyzed my hand. Laying down the pen with which I had been about to sign, I expressed my surprise, and declared plainly that I could not accept this treaty on any terms."

Driven to extremities, the Abbe at length confessed, with much confusion and stammering, that the concordat had been changed, *as the express orders of the First Consul.*

What was to be done? Bonaparte was to give, that very evening, a grand official dinner, at which the negotiators were to assist; and at which the chief of the Government was himself to announce the conclusion of the concordat.

The discussions were at once resumed by the plenipotentiaries. Bonaparte, on learning the state of affairs, fell into a violent fury, and tore to pieces a new draught, prepared by the Abbe, and embodying the modifications demanded by Gonsalvi. In the evening, as soon as Bonaparte perceived the Cardinal, he went up to him, exclaiming,

"Eh bien! Monsieur le Cardinal, you wish to break off negotiations? Well, so be it. I have no need of Rome, I will act for myself. I have no need of the Pope. If Henry VIII., who had not the twentieth part of my power, was able to change the religion of his country, I can do so still more easily; and do it I will. If I change the religion of France, I shall change the religion of half Europe; Rome will see the losses she will have brought upon herself; she will weep over her blunder, but it will then be too late. You may take yourself off at once; it is the best thing you can do.—You have wished for a rupture; very well, be it so, since you desire it. When will you set out?"

"After dinner, General," replied the Cardinal, with the utmost calmness.

Such is the version of the Cardinal Gonsalvi, respecting the drawing up of the famous Concordat.

As we know, however, the Cardinal did not leave. The negotiations were resumed, and after many stormy scenes, provoked by the Cardinal's resistance, the plenipotentiaries completed the arrangement which secured to France the existence of a national church.

QUANTUM.

COUNTRY GRAVEYARDS AS THEY ARE

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I know that from time immemorial it has been customary to view country graveyards through a halo of traditional and sentimental beauty, and that it is looked upon as almost a barbarity to interfere with this opinion, that people choose wilfully to cherish in opposition to the evidence of their senses. If impressions gathered in the village churchyard of Stoke Pogis did call forth Gray's Elegy (which, like every other literary fact, is doubted in the present age), we must suppose that favored spot to have been kept in more perfect order than any within our ken, or it could never have so worked upon the author of that matchless poem. My experience has found "the holy text," "to teach the rustic moralist to die," so corroded with mould or overgrown with weeds and briars as to be all incapable of fulfilling such a mission. If

"E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries!"

alas! that it should fall upon ears so dull of hearing.

These treeless, pathless, grass-grown graveyards were the terror of my childhood. The hearse, with its nodding plumes; the coffin, with lid screwed down so tightly; the long crape streamers, and all the doleful paraphernalia of a funeral; all these brought the fearful feelings that they will produce in the childish heart; but all these, and even the sight of the sad-visaged undertaker, who accomplished his business in the most proper manner, and then managed to eat such a hearty dinner when all was over, were as nothing to the horrors that crowded around that lonesome, dreary burying-ground, where the thick, unchecked grass uprooted even the wild flowers that would have decked the place in common with the surrounding hills and meadows. The fine old trees—the very glory of the place—were doomed to the axe, lest, forsooth, they should make the place damp, as though dampness could affect the comfort of those quiet sleepers beneath their six feet of earth.

I remember a great desire that I used to cherish in my childish days, that I might be buried—in case I died—in our own garden, and how I used to almost screw my courage up to the point of making such a request of my mother, but as I was very doubtful as to whether it would be granted, my mother having a great respect for forms and precedents, and a holy horror of anything sentimental or heathenish, I saw nothing before me but that dreaded graveyard, and could only take comfort in the thought that I had a strong constitution, and was not at all like those good little girls that always die young.

I do not believe there ever was any systematic arrangement for keeping our graveyard in order. Farmer A——— would probably notice in passing, that the fence had a weak place in it, and on the following Sabbath would mention the fact to some of the brethren, when an arrangement would be made for each sending a man, others furnishing boards and nails, on Monday, to repair it. Some one would probably remark at the time that an entirely new fence was needed. Yes, that was true enough, but it was a very busy season just now, and people couldn't be expected to neglect their own interests, and go hunting up work that, after all, did no one any good; in the spring, when they were not so "thronged," it might be attended to. But each season brought its own special work, and this would be put off and forgotten, until perhaps one of these really excellent but narrow-minded men would be recalled to his duty by finding a drove of cattle pasturing on his mother's grave. Then a new fence would be made, briars and weeds torn away, the long grass mown, and the fallen tombstones restored to their natural position. This improvement would be very manifest for a little while, but no permanent fund had been set aside, nor committee appointed to attend to this matter, and the old order of things soon became paramount. We have all felt the force of the saying, "What is everybody's business, is nobody's." Clearly it was the business of every one who had ever lost a friend, or who expected to die himself, to do his share in beautifying the burial ground, but every one shirked the duty, nevertheless.

This is a subject that I cannot but feel strongly upon: the mortal remains of those very dear to me are lying hundreds of miles away, in one of these neglected spots. Neat housewives, some of them, whose dwellings were always "redd up," and in whose well-kept yards and gardens weeds were a thing unknown.

On the border of the beautiful Moravian village of Bethlehem, lies a graveyard that is a perfect model of neatness and loveliness. Beautifully situated, planted with shade trees, and intersected with wide gravel paths, the first impression it makes upon the mind, is one of perfect repose. The graves are distinguished only by square slabs of marble or granite, and frequently almost covered by the ever-living, quick-spreading periwinkle, giving them a look of life in the dead of winter. I do not know a more charming spot for a twilight walk than this burial ground—this place that truly deserves the appellation of "God's Acre," for in thus cherishing the mortal remains of the dead, and bringing them nearer to the living, much of the supernatural feeling too apt to cluster about such places, is lost sight of.

All honor to this admirable people who show such honor to their dead! M. M. M.

NEWS ITEMS.

Large Egg.—Mr. John H. Curran, of this borough, laid on our table, last Wednesday morning, a goose egg, of the following dimensions, viz.: thirteen inches in girth the long way, and nine inches the other; and weighing nine ounces.—*York County Star.* Do we understand the *Star* that John "laid" the egg?

A Smart Spell.—A gentleman in North Chester, Vermont, two or three weeks since, offered as a prize a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to one of the scholars in all the public schools in town who should "spell all the others down." Seven schools were accordingly represented, and about a dozen teachers and a large crowd of spectators were present when the trial took place on the 25th ult. But one trial was to be had on a word, and the unfortunate who missed must take his or her seat. Eighty scholars contested for the honor and the prize, and, after five hours' trial, five pupils remained standing, and the enthusiastic audience soon raised the needful to purchase each a copy of the great Unabridged.

Unlucky.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, a few days since emptied his pockets of a parcel of letters and papers which he had accumulated there and burnt them. The next morning he discovered that among them was one containing $500 in bills which he had intended for the mail.

The Hartford murder is a harvest to the daily papers there. The Post tells with much complacency how many extra copies were sold, and The Courant says the murderer "spoke to several gentlemen regarding the report in The Courant, which he understood was very full."

An actor in Georgia, in the course of a play, kissed the wife of a brother actor once oftener than the authorized version of the play required, and was thereupon severely whipped by the outraged husband.

Some evidence has lately been discovered in England showing that in early life Napoleon the Great offered his services as a volunteer to the Commander of the English Navy in the Mediterranean, which were not accepted because of his apparent want of capacity.

Gold in Bucks County.—There is a rumor afloat that gold has been discovered upon the farm of Geo. W. Brown, near Tullytown, in this county, which has been sent to the Mint, at Philadelphia, to be assayed. Of course considerable excitement prevails in that vicinity, and it is said that upon the strength of the discovery, Mr. Brown has been offered a large price for his farm, but refused to accept it until he hears whether the reputed gold was the reputed stuff.—*Doylestown Democrat.*

The Cleveland papers of March 15 record a melancholy case of sudden death. On Monday night Miss Theodoria Smith, aged nineteen, attended a singing rehearsal by the choir of St. Paul's Church. At the close of the school, one of her companions, observing that she did not arise, asked her if she was not going home.—She said she could not get up, adding, in a laughing manner, that her foot was asleep.—She then made an attempt to rise, but instantly fell back in her seat, and never spoke again. She was conveyed to her home, where in about three hours she died.

Dr. Thomas D. Mutter, Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, died in Charleston, S. C., on Wednesday week. Dr. Mutter's reputation was not confined to the United States; it was world-wide.

The Hon. Mike Walsh, of New York city, recently was found lying in an area dead. It was supposed either that he was murdered, or else fell down into the area while intoxicated. The coroner's jury have returned a verdict of "apoplexy."

Temperance in Russia.—So many of the peasants of Kovno and the neighboring provinces have become members of total abstinence societies, that the men who hold the monopoly of the brandy traffic fear very much that they will not be able to pay the sums which they have agreed to pay for this monopoly. This extraordinary movement is attributed by some to the influence of the clergy; others think that it is produced by the approaching emancipation, the peasants now having some object in accumulating property.

The African Apprentice Bill has been defeated in the Louisiana Legislature.

A Miss T., from Lockport, N. Y., passed through Milwaukee, last week, on her way to St. Paul, Min., to meet her betrothed and fulfil her engagement to be married. Between Hastings and St. Paul she met the downward stage, which had the corpse of her intended husband.

A lot of four hundred and thirty-six slaves, belonging to Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, formerly the husband of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, was sold at auction in Savannah, recently, for the sum of $300,205, being an average of $716 a head. They were sold, the Savannah News says, "mostly in families."

Mr. Beale, wishing to go from Gallon (Ohio) Crestile, on the C. C. and C. R. R., some two years ago, got on the train, and tendered the conductor fifteen cents in payment of his fare for the four miles travel. Twenty cents was demanded; five being added to the fifteen, because he had not bought a ticket. This Mr. B. refused to pay, and the conductor, stopping the train, ejected him from the cars. Mr. Beale brought his action for damages in the Court of Common Pleas of that county. The case came on for trial at the present term, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff of $800.

A Rich Rotton.—The editor of the Prairie News, published at Okalona, Miss., feels rich, and thus lets himself off on somebody who called him poor: "*We poor!* No, sir, not by a jug full, we ain't. Why, we have a good library (made up for the most part of Patent Office Reports and Kansas speeches); a double barreled pistol; six suits of clothes; fourteen shirts; a cat; a bull pup; a game rooster; a gold watch; seventy-five cents in clean cash; and no poor kin, and are going to have a pretty wife, and—soon as possible, own a town lot!"

Sorrowful.—The Gettysburg (Pennsylvania) Compiler gives an account of the loss of a little boy, four years of age, a son of Mrs. Oyler, of Cumberland County. He strayed from home, and the whole neighborhood started out on the search, scouring the surrounding mountain through the day, and displaying lighted torches after night. After two days and nights, the little fellow was discovered nearly nine miles from his home. The Compiler then adds:—

"The little dog, which had been the child's playmate, and which had accompanied him in his long and faithful journey, was found nestled in the child's bosom, with his head reclining on his cold and lifeless form. This faithful dog had tramped quite a path around the lifeless body of the sleeping innocent, thus betraying the affection which it had for the youth, and in its fond caresses had licked back the hair upon the child's forehead. The corpse was conveyed home to its weeping mother, who, under the peculiar afflicting circumstances, was almost frantic with grief."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Warlike Indications—Armies still Increasing—The Reform Bill—Cotton Advanced, &c.

The Weser, of the Bremen line, brings Liverpool dates to the 5th, being three days later.

The tenor of the intelligence by the Weser is warlike, and there appears to be less confidence in Lord Cowley's mission to Austria. The Paris and Vienna journals, and even the letters to the London journals, are quite belligerent.

The Herald's correspondent states that the warlike preparations on all sides show no signs of abating. In Lombardy, the Austrians are working unceasingly to strengthen all their positions. Everything has been got in readiness for a campaign. The Piedmontese on their side are not idle.

A despatch from Marseilles says that Russia has sixty thousand troops on the river Pruth, and has augmented her army in Georgia.

Paris, Saturday evening, March 5.—A pacific article in the Moniteur has caused a great excitement on the Bourse, and an advance of ½c occurred in the Rentes, which closed firm at the improvement.

Mr. D'Israeli's Reform bill confers the elective franchise upon all members of the learned professions, and to parties having small investments in the funds and savings banks. The bill is strongly attacked by the Reformers, but a large meeting of Conservative members was held at Lord Derby's, at which two hundred pledged themselves to give it their unanimous support.

It is stated that two boxes containing bombs similar to those used by Orsini had been smuggled into Paris. They were received by railway, and addressed to the Princess Mathilde, but being marked "To be left till called for," they were given up to some parties purporting to have come from her. The discovery was made on the reception of a third box which was sent to the Princess' residence.

The Ministerial Reform Bill was the principal topic of discussion in the London journals, and it is of course regarded in a variety of lights.

It is explained that the ground for supposing that the French and Austrians will evacuate the Papal States, is only because the Pope has invited them to leave. Nothing has transpired to indicate how either Power will proceed, but the rumors at Paris say that the French will withdraw.

France.—On the budget being called up for discussion on Wednesday, in Committee, it was declared, by a vote of ten to four, that they could not examine a peace budget in the presence of war demonstrations on every side, and that a war budget would be required. They considered it ridiculous to consider the proposed figures when the expenses already incurred considerably exceeded the amounts demanded. They, therefore, resolved to await the explanations of the Government, and although the minority proposed an amendment, the majority forthwith rejected it, and persisted in their original vote.

Paraguay.—Advices from Rio de Janeiro to February 7th, received at Lisbon, say that President Lopez, of Paraguay, had accepted the proffered mediation of the Brazilian Government in relation to the difficulty with the United States.

Liverpool, March 4.—Corrox.—Quotations of all qualities have slightly advanced; some circulars say the improvement is fully ⅛d., and others put it as high as 3-16a¼d.

Breadstuffs are dull but steady—Provisions and Pork dull.

Gallant Act of an Engineer.—On the night of the 22d ult., as a passenger train was passing along the New Albany and Salem railroad, near Linden, Indiana, the engineer perceived a human figure ahead, and instantly blew his whistle and shut down brakes. The figure continued on the track, and the engineer finding it impossible to check the speed of the train, went out upon the cowcatcher and grasped the man, as it proved to be, lifting him on the cowcatcher unhurt. He was a deaf mute, named Lave, and the gratitude of the poor fellow, when he saw the danger from which the bravery of the engineer had rescued him, was fully displayed by the most emphatic gestures. His brother, also a deaf mute, had been run over and killed about a year ago.

Good.—Several gentlemen going down in the early morning train from Troy, purchased from a newsboy, at Greenbush station, mental food to last them for the voyage. One of these, observing that a lady who sat near him had no paper, and presuming that the "full details with magnificent illustrations" of the Washington tragedy, would prove interesting to her, handed her a certain New York Illustrated paper, at the same time calling her attention to the subject matter of its engravings. The lady received the journal in a cool and formal manner, spread it wide open before her, deliberately stooped down, pulled off her rubbers, and, carefully folding them up, laid them beside her on the seat, and arranged her brocade and shawl as if nothing had happened.

☞ Where no arts flourish, where all learning is exterminated, there there is no trace of a good man; but cruelty and horrid barbarism stalk abroad. I call as witness to this fact not one state, or province, or race, but Europe, the fourth part of the globe, over the whole of which some centuries past all good arts had perished. Then piety languished, and religion was extinguished and went to wreck, so that even but lately, and scarce even at this day has there been a recovery from the heavy wound. —*John Milton.*

☞ Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole? As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam. And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel? —*Shakspeare.*

☞ The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe.—*Dryden.*

☞ It seems to me that I would rather have my heart torn from my body, than to have this precious passage torn from the sacred Book: "Come unto me all ye that *labor* and are *heavy laden*, and I will give you *rest*."—*Rev. J. M. Gregory.*

☞ An alderman once called on Dr. Franklin, and said he had a tendency to the gout, and asked him what he could do to arrest it? "Take a bucket of water and a ton of coal three times a week," replied the doctor. "Why, how?" replied the alderman, in astonishment. "Drink a cup of the former three times a day, and carry the latter up three flights of stairs."

☞ Keep true to the dreams of thy youth —*Schiller.*

☞ The Rev. Thomas Whittemore recently heard a divine preach in the morning from the text, "Ye are children of the devil." In the afternoon the text was, "Children, obey your parents."

☞ Some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after, they are exhausted, and run out; on a second meeting we shall find them very flat and motonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes.—*Carlyle.*

THE PAGE AND THE PRINCESS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART II.

Caroline, the first wife of the Duke of Wurtemburg, was both beautiful and intellectual, but nevertheless, not perfect: and whispers soon became rife at Court that she had looked with marked favor upon a certain handsome young page; who, presuming upon her protection, took the liberty of attempting to leave the country without the sanction of his sovereign. The motive of his thus seeking to absent himself at a time when his vanity and his ambition may be supposed to have been alike gratified, was never known; though it was afterwards surmised that his courage did not altogether equal his personal advantages, and that he was apprehensive of the results of an affair so delicate and dangerous as that in which he found himself involved. Be this as it might, thus much at least is certain, that he had already reached the frontier, and had nearly completed his supper, when a peach was placed before him on a plate of curious old china, beneath which he found a small scroll of paper, whereon were written the words, "Return, or tremble!"

He returned.

Scarcely, however, had he regained the capital, when he saw upon his dressing-table a magnificent vase of cut and colored glass; and while in the act of examining this new bauble, and wondering whence it could have come, a second scroll, similar to the first, dropped at his feet, which being unrolled, he found to contain a new warning. On this occasion it bore the injunction, "Depart, or tremble!"

Vacillating between these two opposite commands, the young man resolved to explain the mysterious circumstance to his royal mistress—to explain to her the peril in which he stood, and to solicit her advice. Its nature may be surmised by the fact that the youth made no further attempt to leave the Court.

Rumor asserts that, about this time, a Prince—we will not guess at his identity—paid a visit to the father of the audacious page, and laid before him sundry letters, papers, and love-tokens, tending to implicate the wife of the one and the son of the other; and that when the miserable parent had read them from end to end, his visitor said sternly, "Pronounce the sentence of the culprit." The lips of the wretched father quivered spasmodically, but he could not articulate a syllable; and, meanwhile, the clear cold eye of the outraged husband remained fixed upon him.

They were standing beside the wide hearth, upon which blazed a huge fire of pine-wood; and at length the modern Brutus grasped with trembling fingers one of the hand-irons which chanced to be within his reach, and traced in the ashes several letters. The word thus written commenced with a *D*, and was terminated by an *h*. The sentence was tacitly pronounced. The Prince bent for a few seconds over the ill-formed characters—for the muscles of the writer had proved less firm than his purpose—and then, with a cold bend of the head, he strode from the room and left the house.

A council was convened, at which were assembled all the principal personages of the state, and several of the relatives of the Princess. The condemnatory documents were produced and read; and as they were conclusive of the guilt of both parties, each individual was invited to pronounce sentence upon the accused. The first who replied to the appeal declared for a divorce; but a near kinsman of the erring wife vehemently opposed what he affirmed to be an ill-judged and dangerous act of lenity. "Her death alone," he exclaimed, "can save the honor of the Prince. There is no other alternative." His opinion was adopted; and the council had no sooner broken up than the same individual who had endeavored to save the life of the guilty woman, hastened to apprise her of the fate with which she was menaced, and to entreat that she would save herself by flight; offering at the same time to assist her escape that very night, if she would solemnly pledge herself never again to see the rash young man by whose imprudence she had been compromised, and to remain during the remainder of her life a self-constituted prisoner in a castle in Scotland, where he could insure her a refuge.

As she rejected both these conditions with haughty displeasure, the interview was abruptly terminated by her chivalrous visitor, who, although he had been willing to risk his own life in order to save that of his fair but frail mistress, could not contemplate without disgust her steady perseverance in vice, even under circumstances so threatening as those by which she was surrounded. "Pardon me, madame," he said coldly, as he prepared to leave the room; "I intruded myself in the hope of rendering service to a repentant woman; but I have no help to offer to one who glories in her sin." Unhappily for herself she did not recall him.

The room occupied by the page was situated on the higher story of the palace, at the termination of a long gallery which was repeated on every floor to the foundation of the building. It was necessary that he should traverse this gallery in order to gain a back staircase by which he was accustomed to reach the private apartments of the Princess; and his destruction was consequently easy. On each floor, and precisely on the same spot, four boards were removed, thus forming a wide opening, which terminated only above the chamber of his royal mistress. The upper gallery, into which his own room opened, was never lighted; an arrangement which had hitherto been a subject of congratulation to both parties, as it rendered his movements less likely to excite observation; and one upon which they had frequently congratulated themselves. He had, therefore, been long accustomed to grope his way in the darkness; and—thus much premised—you may readily anticipate the sequel. The wretched page, unsuspicious of the fate which impended over him, and so familiar with his path that he needed no lamp to guide his footsteps, sprang across the threshold of his chamber without one misgiving, as the last sounds of life died away in the corridors of the palace, and the deep silence of midnight settled over its dim halls and passages—three bounds, and his foot met no resistance—down, down, headlong, from floor to floor, fell the bold and ambitious boy who had dared to raise his eyes to the wife of his sovereign—down, down, until he met with one slight obstacle in his descent, so slight that it failed beneath his weight, and only served to render his suffering more acute. The planks which formed the ceiling of the Princess's apartment had not been removed, lest the circumstance might attract her notice, and thus excite her suspicions. But they were so skillfully sawn through that they hung merely by a few fibres: and he had therefore no sooner struck upon them than they yielded beneath the sudden pressure; and the blooming page, with his blue eyes, his cloud of sunny hair, his ruby lips, and his graceful limbs, fell, a shapeless and ensanguined mass, at the feet of the royal lady who was awaiting him.

The Princess was borne to her bed insensible. The screams of her attendants aroused the other inmates of the palace, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The accident appeared so inexplicable that even horror was partially swallowed up in astonishment; although there were a few among the spectators who looked gloomily upon each other, like men disposed to seek a deeper and darker solution of the mystery than they cared to acknowledge. There was, however, one individual of more nerve and presence of mind than those about him, who undertook to explain the cause of the frightful tragedy by asserting that, beyond all doubt, the dry rot had destroyed the timbers of the palace; and, in accordance with this opinion, all the galleries on that side of the building were closed, on the pretext that they were too dangerous for use until the flooring had been relaid.

The public were satisfied with this explanation—let us not quarrel with their credulity.

The Princess was no sooner restored to consciousness, than she thoroughly appreciated the peril of her position. To whom could she apply for help? In whom dare she confide? These were questions which she asked herself until her heart heaved almost to bursting, and her brain reeled; but the minutes were growing into hours, and something must be done. After mature reflection she at length resolved to confide in her first waiting-woman, to whom she had been an indulgent and munificent mistress—Gemonde was bound to her by a thousand obligations; alike in sorrow and in joy she had shown her a ready sympathy; she had never wounded her feelings by a harsh word or a disdainful gesture; and the more she dwelt on the idea, the more she assured herself that on this woman depended her safety. From her she could not apprehend lukewarmness, and scorned to dream of treachery.

Amply, as it appeared, was her trust rewarded; the favorite attendant, throwing herself at the feet of her august mistress, thanked her with tears and sobs for so marked and honorable a proof of her confidence; and one which, as she declared, was rendered doubly valuable from the circumstance of her having a brother whose best ambition it would be to serve so illustrious a lady; and who, being attached to the police of the city, and in constant correspondence with its numerous agents, could easily secure her escape.

The Princess had no sooner received this assurance than she decided on leaving the palace at an hour past midnight, by a subterraneous passage with which her attendant was familiar; and which, traversing alike the ancient vaults and the modern cellars, terminated beneath the foundations of a house outside the city walls, where a carriage was to be in readiness to facilitate her flight. Confident of the practicability of this scheme, and, in consequence, no longer apprehensive of personal violence, Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, having secured in a small casket her gold and diamonds, (the proceeds of which would enable her to live in comfort, if not actually in affluence, in another land,) sat down with the chosen companion of her projected flight to weep over the frightful death of the ill-fated youth whom she had by her own frailty, consigned to an early and dishonored grave; and she was still thus occupied when her husband sent to inquire if she could receive him in her apartments.

Consulting only her passion, and the pride which she had allowed to slumber when it might have shielded her from disgrace, she refused the interview; and, drawing her desk towards her, she addressed to him perhaps the most ill-judged and dangerous note which a woman, circumstanced as she was at that moment, ever ventured to write to the husband whom she had dishonored. Thus it ran:—

"You have shed the blood of an unfortunate young man, when I alone was guilty; and you will have to answer for his death before God, as you will also have to answer for mine. Had you any sense of justice, I might accept you as my judge, but I know too well that you only desire to become my executioner. We had better not meet, as I have only my curse to bequeath to you."

Convinced that her safety was secured, the Princess despatched this letter as recklessly as she had written it; and it certainly must be conceded that it was not calculated to appease the irritated feelings of an offended husband. And thus the day wore on. Twilight deepened, and the miserable Caroline, her heart bursting with grief, and her nerves shaken by anxiety, received the ladies of her household, as she was accustomed to do before retiring for the night; but they had no sooner withdrawn, than, trembling with impatience, she wrapped herself closely in one of the wide and coarse cloaks worn by the female peasants of Germany during the winter months, (in which disguise she trusted that she should be secure in the event of her encountering any of the servants of the palace,) and drew the heavy hood over her face.

On emerging from the ducal apartments, accompanied by her zealous attendant, she descended a back staircase; and then proceeded along a stone passage which, running parallel with the offices, received its only light from apertures perforated in its walls at certain and infrequent intervals, that enabled her to distinguish the voices of the cooks and scullions who were, even at that hour, preparing for the repast of the following day. So clearly, indeed, did they meet her ear, that she might even have overheard their conversation, had she not been absorbed by the engrossing nature of her own situation.

This first passage traversed, several others presented themselves, which it was necessary either to cross or to pursue; but the careful waiting woman had possessed herself, by some stratagem, of a handful of keys, of which she made rapid and effective use; until, in fitting one of them into the lock of an inner door that opposed their progress, the whole of those which she still carried escaped her grasp, and were scattered upon the ground. Great was the terror of the fugitives as, with beating pulses and straining eyes, they listened for several seconds to assure themselves that the noise of the fall had not excited any attention in the offices. When convinced that it had not been heard, the fugitives passed their hands over the sanded floor in every direction in search of their lost treasures—treasures indeed to them at that moment—and having at length succeeded in recovering them, they once more hurried on. Ere long, they had left the more modern portion of the subterraneans behind them; and found themselves in a large and lofty stone hall, which, as Gemonde informed her royal mistress, terminated the original vaults of the palace. Vainly, however, did they successively apply every key they possessed to the lock of the low-arched door, which opened at the further extremity of this vast and gloomy dungeon; not one would open it; and they ultimately became satisfied that it must still be lying near the spot where the others had fallen.

The Princess, who was by this time overcome with apprehension and fatigue, declared herself utterly unable to retrace her steps, and her devoted attendant was consequently compelled to entreat that her Highness would sit down and rest, while she returned alone to renew her search. The alternative was a terrible one to the delicate and carefully-nurtured victim of her own vices; but there was no escape. She must submit, or prepare to die of famine where she stood—unseen, unpitied and unshrined. "Go," she gasped out at last; "go, but do not leave me long, Gemonde, or I shall become mad." All was dark, and so profoundly still about her that she could hear the beating of her own heart as she bent forward to listen for the return of her guide. A weary interval succeeded: the Princess could not even guess at its duration; but to her it appeared as though hours had elapsed since she was left alone in that dim and dreary solitude, without an arm to sustain or a voice to comfort her.

Suddenly she heard the trampling of feet above her; and a gleam of light penetrating through a ventilator caused her to stand motionless. Then she overheard a conversation which at once riveted her attention, and overwhelmed her with terror.

"Only to think how soon all may be over," said a man's voice which, rude as it was, still betrayed deep regret, and sank to her heart as she leant her throbbing temples against the stone work of the vault; "poor Princess! she was in her usual health, to all appearance, at dinner time this very day; and now they say that she is dying."

"We must all die, princesses as well as paupers," was the rejoinder of one of his companions; "not one of us can buy off his last creditor."

"True enough," remarked a third; "but, nevertheless, this illness is wonderfully sudden. To think that she should have dined at table to-day, and that she should die to-night, is something more than one can understand."

It is needless to say with what frightful earnestness the Princess hung upon their words. Still, it might not be of her that they spoke—she was not the only princess in the palace—there was yet hope! That hope did not long endure, however; she heard rapid footsteps hurrying along the passages, and then a voice, which she recognized as that of one of her ushers, exclaiming, breathlessly,

"I bring you sorrowful news—in a few days we shall be in mourning for the hereditary Princess!"

"Who told you that all was so nearly over?" eagerly inquired his listeners.

"Gemonde, her Highness's favorite woman, who has scarcely left the bedside of her ill-fated mistress. I met her not ten minutes ago, half-mad with grief. You all know how she loved the Princess; and the sight of her sufferings had been more than she could bear. They are, she says, so violent and so acute, that nothing short of a miracle can enable her to endure them for another hour. Every one is up in the palace, and the citizens are already astir in the town. The Duke has locked himself into his apartment and refuses to be seen by any one. I only trust that he may not sink under the blow."

And still she stood there and listened—she whose last chance of life had been the good faith of the treacherous follower by whom she was thus betrayed—listened until the voices hissed in her ears, and strange lights danced before her dilated eyes. Once she strove to shriek out an appeal for help, but her parched tongue refused its office, and she only emitted a gurgling sob, which died away in her throat. Paralyzed with terror, she was unconscious of a muffled sound which gradually approached. There were heavy, but cautious, footfalls in the deep sand which formed the flooring of the vault, but she heard them not. Her whole being was absorbed in the conversation which was going on beside her, although she was no longer able to comprehend its nature, when suddenly she felt herself seized by two robust arms, and dragged violently away from the iron-barred window that connected the vault with the kitchens. Vainly did she struggle in the grasp of her captors; her cry for assistance awoke no response as it died away in the depths of the subterraneans along which she was hurried, in dull and mocking echoes.—Without respect either for her sex or for her rank, she was flung rudely to the ground, and her hands and feet secured with cords. Wildly she prayed for mercy; called upon her family, and even upon her husband to save her; she was far removed from human aid. Vainly she sought to bribe her tormentors.

"Take all, all!" she moaned in her agony; "here are gold and jewels—spare my life—I am so young to die!"

The brutal beings who were now the masters of her fate vouchsafed no reply, save by so tightening her bonds that she could not move a limb, and finally forcing a gag into her mouth. This outrage accomplished, the lower part of her body was thrust into a sack of black velvet, which was fastened round her waist and secured under her feet; and from that moment her Maker alone could hear her supplications for assistance!

THE WATERING-PLACE HUSBAND.

A HINT TO LADIES.

"So, Laura is to be the fortunate woman after all!" said a bright-eyed damsel, running up towards a knot of young ladies, seated in a remote corner of a very large room, talking in whispers, and glancing sometimes towards the door; and thrusting herself between two of them, she put an arm round each fair neck, gazed into the one face, then into the other, and so by turns at the whole group, asking with her exquisite arch eyes, and a sort of prim smile that played round her lovely full lips, better than words could have done: "How do you feel, and you, and you?" She paused for a reply, but none being vouchsafed, she added, ludicrously articulating every syllable: "She is to be married to Mr. Thompson next month."

"And how do *you* know?" said one young lady, rather in a pettish tone.

"She told me so herself," was the reply; "I met her this moment on the stairs, flushed and trembling, but evidently exulting in her triumph; and I wished her joy from the bottom of my heart."

"And so do I," echoed one or two of the group. A very starched, rather elderly young lady, remarked there was no accounting for taste. Another thought he might have done better, with a glance at some of the handsomest girls present, and a good long inward stare at herself; while the one who had tried hardest to get him, wondered how any girl could marry such a stiff, awkward man. Besides, who was he? If he had been well connected, he would have been only too glad to have boasted of it. Then he was only a city man! Not even rich, either. And such a name! She could not endure these common names; if it were for nothing else, *she* never could have married him. At which declaration, expressive glances were interchanged. One young lady coughed violently; another played a tune on the table; two others, who were seated rather behind the speaker, raised their eyebrows to each other in that peculiar manner understood to be a substitute for the words "Did you ever?"

It was on a fine morning, in the middle of September, in rather a second-rate hotel at Leamington, that the above scene took place. A sociable enough party had been assembled there for three weeks; that is, the elder members were quite satisfied, and the younger had nothing tangible to complain of. They had the usual amount of walking, riding, dancing, quarrelling, and jealousies to amuse them; but there was a want of excitement, that daily craving of the young, and the more brisk among them voted the whole thing decidedly slow. What, then, must have been the general exhilaration, the whispered conjectures, the flutterings, the glancings, when it had become known, about a week before that two gentlemen had arrived—young gentlemen, for they were both certainly under thirty-five—and that one of them had at once proceeded to throw out, in an easy, indifferent manner, hints as to the condition and intentions of the other. The friends were Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Thompson. The former, in spite of his aristocratic name, seemed to have no condition or intentions of his own. He was simply Mr. Thompson's friend; he belonged to that class who neither have nor desire a position, and who enjoy life all the more that they do not seek to make any permanent appropriation of its component parts—birds of passage, who descend to peck here and there any sort of morsel, and who live a sort of cuckoo-life without any nest of their own. He had the easy, assured air of the race of which he was an accomplished specimen. Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, was stiff, formal, and silent. You could not call him awkward, but he had the air of a man on his good behavior, and as if an explosion might take place if he should at any time forget his lesson. He committed no overt act that could be called ungentlemanly, and yet you would have demurred to calling him a gentleman. He was rather tall and stout; regular enough features, a red and white complexion, a sort of nervous twitching of the eyes, and dark, strong, curly hair. His tailor had fitted him so tightly, that he seemed a prisoner in his own clothes; for instead of being a subsidiary affair, the clothing was the most important part of the man—as if Mr. Thompson had entered into a signed and sealed compact with his tailor not to dishonor the work of his hands. To puff the wearer into a state of equality with these exquisite habiliments, was the special mission of Mr. Fortescue—a mission he fulfilled to perfection. Nothing was overdone; he only said enough to invite inquiry, and set the whole table into a frenzy of curiosity. If a person of importance were named, he would say: "I don't know him, but I believe my friend Thompson does," without appealing to him, although he was close by. He would begin to say something about his friend Thompson's house or possessions, and then slide off to another subject in a careless, dreamy way. If the party stopped in their rambles to look at a plant, he said: "It's the same, I think, Thompson, you have in your—" then drop his voice, so that the last words were inaudible. One young lady declared it was "garden at Kensington," while another was quite sure it was "at Camden Town." Thus gently and warily hoisted into notice, and covered with a delicate veil of mystery, it was surprising how well Mr. Thompson enacted the small part that remained for him. From the hands of his tailor he had passed into those of Mr. Fortescue, who served him up with derivations to the assembled guests, who again perfected him according to the usual system of favorable prepossessions. His stiffness was dignity, his awkwardness modesty. His silence showed reflection, the nervous twitching of the eye indicated a quick sensibility, a slightly provincial accent gave him an additional interest—it sounded so foreign. Not but that there still remained some smouldering embers of doubt and distrust—they were only embers, however, and easily quenched. Why did Mr. Thompson never say anything about Mr. Fortescue? Fortescue was decidedly an aristocratic name, and Thompson as decidedly plebeian. Yet Mr. Fortescue never spoke of his connections, nor of high people in general but with some reference to Mr. Thompson. Then Mr. Thompson, only a city man, did not appear at all proud of his association with this easy-dashing, of course west-end man. All this was puzzling; but then it was the very life and soul of a watering-place to be puzzled. Was it not just for want of being puzzled that the party were so dull and slow before this new arrival? Concerning whom, whatever was unaccountable was held to prove entire honesty and simplicity, and the absence of any desire of help from borrowed feathers. It certainly went to confirm this conclusion, that Mr. Fortescue never pronounced Mr. Thompson as a rich man, but only as one in easy circumstances. His business was in the city; but whenever there threatened any too curious inquiry as to its nature, Mr. Fortescue seemed to soar into some sublime alpine altitude of thought, far above vulgar mortal ken, or suddenly recollected an amusing story he must tell, or a letter he must reply to; so that at the end of four days, all that was certainly known of Mr. Thompson was, that he was a city man—his business was in the city, that he had a villa in the vicinity of London, and that the world revolved for him at the pleasant rate of £800 a year; to which was added, it was vaguely hinted, a sort of supplementary motion in its own axis, sometimes swelling the amount to £1,000, or even more, and that he was in search of a fair partner to share all these advantages. He was, then, no great match, still he was a match—a comfortable match; and as soon as this was voted, his became the simple part of a live automaton, who permitted others to pull his strings. For what so easy as to be flirted with, to receive fair and flattering words, to be danced, and sung, and played, and dressed at; to reply to the unasked question: "Which of us will you have?" But Mr. Thompson was not to go off so easily. He had come from London for a wife, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than falling in love. What's love to a city man, or he to love, whose vocation in life is to buy and to sell, and to get gain? In Mr. Thompson's visions of a watering place wife, the tender and romantic had certainly found no place. That imaginative race called poets, however, whose sole art consists in always seeing something where others see nothing, love to assert that there are wonderful depths in the heart of every man, if you can only find a line long enough to sound them; and that even city men have hearts as well stored with precious metal as their purses. Mr. Thompson may have heard—we know not whether from the poet or the anatomist—that men have hearts, but was ignorant of the precise position of his own, till it was suddenly pierced by a dart from the eyes of the charming little fairy mentioned in the outset. She was one of those provokingly attractive creatures who cannot choose but make foils of the rest of their sex. She had that exquisite, easy grace which defies at once description and imitation. She was grave and gay, humorous and pathetic. Any dress became her, every situation suited her. The songs she declared she could not sing, or had forgotten, went off as well as the last practised one. The man writhed under her charms, and the women, except a very few, acknowledged their power. It was a great treat to see Mr. Thompson in love; were we to attempt to describe it, we could only ask our readers to fancy the few signs of independent existence he formerly emitted, either totally suspended, or diverging into convulsive and grotesque forms. He made wrong or no replies to the simplest questions, and would come out with short volleys of speech without coherence. He sometimes knocked over everything that came in his way, and sometimes sat at table for an hour after the company were gone, intently studying, no doubt, the pattern of the table-cloth. He never was detected either speaking to or looking at his enchantress; but we have our suspicions that the curious twitching and winking, now in a state of great activity, concealed that hateful, furtive art of looking out at the corners of the eyes. When she sang, he shrank into the uttermost corner of the room, and sat with his back to her, looking like a criminal, suffering under some exquisite form of torture. How he lashed himself up into a sufficiently demonstrative state, to propose to her, will remain forever a mystery. She made no revelation. The tradition ran, however, that in his desperation, he did ask her three several times, and that it was only after the last refusal he found himself the accepted lover of Laura Crompton, the second of three daughters of a small proprietor in an adjoining county—a fine girl of the second water. The fun was all over then!—there was to be no more perplexity or excitement. Mr. Thompson had come for a wife, and having supplied himself, he must retire and leave an open field. The very next day, the whole family of Crompton departed, and with them Mr. Thompson.—What became of Mr. Fortescue, it is not for us to divulge; doubtless he went to pursue his friendly art elsewhere.

It was soon announced that the wedding was to take place in a fortnight, for watering-place attachments are plants of hot-house growth, forced on by high pressure fires, and brook not long exposure to the free outward air of heaven; and thus it came to pass, that on a sunny morning in October, in the parish church of S——, "this man and this woman" performed the last act of their masquerade by kneeling before God's high altar, and swearing to love each other till death did them part. This man, because it was part of his scheme of life to have a wife; and she, because two of her companions, just her age, had been married a year ago, and because she had often heard her father—looking sometimes at his daughters, as if they had become less attractive to him, because they were not more attractive to other men—say that a woman's best chance was over at twenty-four, and she was past twenty-three.

If it be true that invisible spirits are perpetually hovering around us, luring and tempting to good or evil, how, within many a holy precinct, must the demons of discord and deceit crowd around such strangely thrust together pairs, "to have and to hold" them in their grasp, gibbering and grinning and grimacing in their fiendish triumph, while the pure spirits of love and truth turn sorrowing away, and veil their faces with their wings! These twain, laboriously simulating to be one, leave the church and drive off, followed by the envious gaze of expectant brides, and the noisy shouts of village children, and are whirled to the bride's late home, where she sits with a doubtful feeling of her own identity, or what it all means, at her father's board: and after the usual din and clatter, the flow of soul following on the flow of champagne, Mr. Hendon, the oldest friend of Mr. Crompton, burly and rosy, but with an air of dignity that showed he was rising with the occasion, called for a bumper to the health and happiness of the newly wedded pair, who were evidently, he informed the company, made for each other: she was amiable and accomplished: and as for Mr. Thompson, it was very little he could say of him; but this he could with truth say, that he possessed the esteem of every one who had the good fortune to know him; then bursting the fetters of dull prose, he quoted, with deep emotion, some lines about the spirits of true lovers not being parted even by death itself.

A short honey-fortnight was spent in dawdling through the country on the way to London, for Mr. Thompson's business in the city could brook no further absence of its chief, and had he not already been gone five weeks? What honey might yet be remaining in the moon's wane must be sucked at Kensington; so thither they went, and on a cold, clear, starlight night in October, Laura arrived at her future home; and a most pleasant one it turned out to be, with its blazing fires and bright new furniture, among which were many tasteful articles, pleasant to the eye, and suited to the tastes and occupations of woman. Mr. Thompson left early in the morning for the city, and did not return till late in the evening to dinner, when Laura hoped business had gone on well in his absence, and he hoped she had spent a pleasant day; they were quite disposed to be pleased with each other, and everything seemed turning out "for better;" for at the end of a few weeks, Mr. Thompson thawed and developed amazingly; became more at home with himself, and rather talkative, and made quite a kind, good average husband in a plain unromantic way; and this pair who had found themselves one in such a sleight-of-hand manner, bade fair to add one to the many contradictions which wayward practice every day flourishes in the face of sound theory. When it began to dawn on Laura that she was really uprooted from the parent soil, when she began to try to realize the condition into which she had been whirled, thoughts of inquiry also naturally arose in her mind. Where were Mr. Thompson's relatives? Why had none of them been to see her? Where even was that truest of friends, Mr. Fortescue? When she would have given audible vent to those inquiries, Mr. Thompson always evaded them; she did not wish to be too curious, but glossed the matter over to herself; when she pressed him too nearly, she drew from him such a sad account of removals to a better world, and to remote parts of this one, that she was quite sorry she had so wounded his feelings. Laura was in no want of society, for her own friends and relatives were always welcomed by her husband; they might remain for days or weeks, it was all the more agreeable to him. She often walked out to meet him on his return from the city, sometimes as far as the east end of Piccadilly, sometimes further. One day when they met, she began to inquire into the precise nature of his business, but he interrupted her by some trifling remark in an embarrassed tone, and with an increased twitching of the eyes. Thus ended her first attempt; and the second, for which he was evidently prepared, only elicited that it was a sort of commerce she could not understand, even were he to explain it. In what street? was her next question. He stammered out a name of which she had never heard; but then there were so many streets in the city, this was no wonder. So all passed off, and time flowed on again in a quiet current. It was about three months after the wedding, and Laura had not only little to complain of, but she had materials for happiness, and was happy, and might have continued so, but for her perverse and womanly weakness for knowing "all about it." She was seized with such an uncontrollable fit of curiosity, that she resolved to be mistress of her husband's secret. She would follow him into the city; she would see the place where he carried on his business; and if no outward sign emitted its nature, she could mark the spot for future and wary inquiry, nay, what would hinder her, unknown as she must be, to learn the truth from some one on the spot? Her resolution was taken.

The very next morning, after talking gaily with her husband, and bidding him good-bye when he set out for the city, she hurried on her shawl and bonnet, adding a thick veil, and in an instant was on the road in secure sight of the poor unconscious Mr. Thompson. What if he should call a cab, or jump into an omnibus? She knew he sometimes rode, but most frequently walked. What if he should stop to speak to some friend or acquaintance? She must, then, talk about, which would be awkward; but nothing is observed in London, and then Mr. Thompson had no friends or acquaintances. For a time, he walked at an easy moderate rate, which gave no trouble to his partner, but as he approached the city, he so quickened his pace that poor Laura was ready to sink with fatigue. Heated and flurried, she sometimes lost sight of him, and then would make a rush forward, till she found herself almost touching him. When he got to the the most crowded parts of the Strand, he sometimes slackened his pace, then quickened it, casting stealthy glances around him, which made Laura draw back and double her veil. At length, on coming to the corner of one of the many streets branching off from the Strand,

Mr. Thompson suddenly darted into it, and disappeared within a door that seemed to have been open to receive him: then instantly closed again, after the manner of doors in a pantomime. Overstrained by the hot pursuit, the tension of mind caused by her frenzy of curiosity, and the fear of being discovered in such a discreditable situation, Laura would have sunk to the ground, had she not leaned for support against the wall of a house nearly opposite. There she stood in a sort of blank stupor, for ten minutes, it might be twenty, when the door at which Mr. Thompson had entered slowly opened, and three male figures came forth. One of them, though altered and shabby-looking, she instantly recognised as Mr. Fortescue, the kind Leamington friend, who had so successfully puffed Mr. Thompson up to the pitch matrimonial. The second her eyes fell on, she had never seen before, she felt sure. These two supported between them a wretched figure maimed and blind. He seemed to have no legs, or at least she saw nothing under the knees. The arms hung so loose, it seemed a doubtful case whether the necessary friction in giving support might not cause a total ruptnre. She was about to examine what, at the distance, appeared to be a scar or mark of some kind on the pale face, when the face itself—— O horror! No, it could not be! Laura gasped for breath—her brain reeled—she turned away her eyes as if she could turn away the truth; for all other signs of identity might have deceived her; but the strange nervous twitching of the eyes, evidently produced by simulating blindness, revealed the awful fact! It was her husband! Mr. Thompson was a beggar!

We need not depict the scene which ensued that evening, when Flora, coming to the subject by hints at first, and then by more direct allusions, revealed her knowledge of the mystery. What was to be done? The past could not be remedied; the future, however, could be secured. Mr. Thompson, fortunately, had already accumulated quite a competency from the sympathies of the soft-hearted, soft-headed public. At Laura's entreaties, he resolved to abandon his *profession*—most properly called by that honorable name—and retire. He did so, and, as honesty is sometimes found among thieves, and is often good policy, his secret was not betrayed by his companions in knavery. From the moment of her discovery of her husband's peculiar business, Laura began to despise the man who had won, we can hardly say wooed, her. They lived on in an apparently happy manner, however—just as many another discontented couple live. Occasionally, however, her friends were rather surprised at hearing her, when the conversation turned upon such subjects, denounce, in a very emphatic, and even vehement manner, all hasty, and especially all hasty watering-place, marriages.

SAINT STEPHEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY JULIA GILL.

Oh, blessed martyr, dying for the Lord!
We envy him the glory of his fate,
Though all that men most shrink from (burning
word
Of bitterest slander, hiss of scorn and hate,
More cruel than the heavy stones they cast,)
Made storm about him as his spirit passed.

We envy him the peace that kept his heart
In all the shock of that mad passion-war,—
We whose watched doors of patience fly apart
So often at temptation's lightest jar;—
The peace that made his countenance to shine
Like Moses' hearing mysteries divine.

Full of the perfect love he knelt to die!
He prayed his enemies might be forgiven!
And from the height of that great ecstacy
He looked in through the open gate of heaven!
He saw the Lord! Pain o'er him had no power,
Entering to be with Christ forevermore.

"The first to die for Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To die for love of Jesus!" This we say,
And straight towards Golgotha we turn our feet
With faces like a flint;—but on our way,
We meet the little crosses we must take,
And bear upon our shoulder for His sake.

And so we shrink and falter and turn back,
Or with complaints and murmurs take them up,
The small denials, neither scourge nor rack;—
We sigh to sit with Ease and drink her cup,
And walk Sloth's level gardens:—we, who fain
The stature of Christ's martyrs would attain!

And can it be, dear Lord, that souls so weak,
Remiss in watching, dastard in the fight,
Shall walk upon the eternal hills, and speak
With Stephen, bearing palm and robed in
white!
Ashamed, in tears, we come for help to Thee,
Triumphant Captain, Lord of victory!

Providence, R. I.

THE PILLORY AS A PUNISHMENT.—"Setting in the pillory" was probably the most *unjust* mode of punishment ever invented, its severity entirely depending upon the public feeling. Men of almost unexceptionable character, who had the misfortune to publish something distasteful to the government of the day, have been more than once very nearly killed, where the feeling of the mob was against them; while, on the other hand, the vilest miscreants were often protected and cheered during their exposure.

When William Parsons, in whose house took place the affair of the "Cock-lane-ghost" was pilloried, the mob formed a ring round the scaffold, and not only preserved him from the least mark of indignity, but actually made a subscription for him among the thousands collected to witness his "punishment." Not unfrequently, indeed, the authorities themselves acted in a similar manner: and after a Dr. Shebbeare had been in the pillory for publishing a political libel, the under-Sheriff was fined £50, and imprisoned two months, for allowing the doctor to be attended on the platform by a servant in livery, who held an umbrella over his head, and for omitting to confine his head and arms in the pillory.

Some men's patriotism runs to Luther, Cromwell, John Knox, or George Washington, but will have nothing to do with the dragons and dangers which now beset the United States. —*Emerson.*

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVALS.

After Abe Spicer's sad disappointment in the fall, on the occasion of his intended visit to Annie Brennington, he had not been able to summon courage enough to make another attempt, for several weeks; and though after that time he did spend several Saturday evenings at the house, his heart always failed him with regard to offering his poem. To be sure, he had not many opportunities, for her father, who had less fancy for Abe than for Roney, ever persisted in remaining in the room with them in the most barbarous and unjustifiable manner, as Abe thought, though Annie did not think so. The consequence was, that he did not make much progress with her. Mr. Brennington kept him talking about the war and other matters, whenever he was there, while Annie occupied herself with her sewing, rarely speaking except when addressed.

Abe was in a tight place at these visits. He knew Mr. Brennington's political opinions, and would have been glad enough to chime in with them, in order to recommend himself to his favor; but on the other hand, he knew that Annie's were quite as decidedly the other way, though she never expressed or discussed them in her father's presence. It was more a matter of feeling than judgment, it is true, with her, her opinion following very much in the track of Roney's, but they were sufficiently decided to satisfy him that to confess himself a Loyalist would be a poor passport to her favor. So he contrived, as far as possible, to avoid expressing any opinion on the subject, and Annie, in addition to her dislike, now despised him.

Matters were remaining in this condition, when one Saturday, in the beginning of March, Annie was sitting at the window which overlooked the road, alone. It was drawing towards the evening of a cold, blustery day, such as are frequent when March comes in his lion-mood. The sky had been covered with heavy clouds through the day, and occasional flurries of snow had driven across the landscape. The clouds had now begun to break a little on the western horizon, as the sun was setting, and were lighted up with a red, angry glare which betokened foul weather. The road was frozen hard, and the Brandywine was still locked in ice. The leafless trees rustled, and twisted, and creaked as the blasts of wind ploughed through them, and went shrieking and howling along the wide meadow which spread between the house and the little river, so beautiful in the summer time, so desolate and dreary now. Annie sat at the window, looking out upon the gloomy landscape, and watching the red western clouds as the sun went slowly down, her mind busy with sad thoughts. Her father's opposition to her attachment to Roney had not diminished, (it had never been formally made known to him, but he was too clear-sighted not to have perceived it long ago,) and while they remained on different sides of the question about which the country was at war, she saw little probability of any change in his feelings. Then, she saw comparatively little of her lover, and was constantly tormented by anxiety lest he should be recognized and taken prisoner by some of the foraging squads which still occasionally strayed over the country, and be carried to the "Provost" in Philadelphia, about which vague rumors had penetrated to the country. She had become nervously afraid too, of Abe's visits, though she was longing, yet dreading to have him come to the point, in order that he might receive his quietus once for all. Beside these causes, there was the depressing influence of the day itself, with its leaden sky now growing duller and darker as the night drew on, and the red glare gradually faded out from the west. As she sat thus at the window, looking now over the meadow at the river, and the bleak hills beyond, and now along the dusky road, with a vague hope that perhaps Roney would come, she saw a figure on horseback approaching at a distance. The figure was just emerging from a patch of woods through which the road passed, and in the gloom it was impossible to tell with any certainty who it was by any effort of vision: but her quickened pulse and heart beating with sudden joy told her that it was Roney, and she wondered why he came so slowly. She watched him as his horse walked along the road, until he came opposite the gate, and his rider slowly dismounted and hitched him to a post. She had started up to go to the door and meet her lover, when a closer scrutiny showed her the red-coat and tight buckskin breeches of Abe Spicer! Her heart had made a terrible mistake this time! She crossed the room and sat down near the fire ready to cry with disappointment and vexation.

The next moment came a knock at the door, and then another, and then, in answer to her "walk in," which she could not very well avoid saying, the latch was lifted, and Abe entered in all his glory. He was dressed very much as on the occasion of his former visit, and came tip-toe-ing across the room, with his hat in his left hand, and his right spread out over his heart, bowing as he came, in what he meant to be a very courtly fashion. Annie rose and greeted him coldly but civilly, and asked him to be seated, saying that her father would be in presently.

Abe took his seat at the opposite side of the fire-place, and said nothing. So did Annie; but her heart was beating rapidly now, for a different reason from what had set it going a few minutes before. She felt sure that Abe was coming to the point this time, and felt as nervous and uncomfortable as, I suppose, ladies generally feel under these trying circumstances. She rose, after a few minutes, and lighted a candle. After a few minutes more of silence, Abe made a desperate effort to break it, and succeeded, by informing Annie that it was very cloudy weather. This being a fact of which she had been aware for two or three days, Annie felt safe in answering,

"Yes, very," and then the conversation dropped.

After a pause Abe spoke again.

"Miss Annie."

She raised her eyes towards him in answer, and waited to see what was coming: she waited in vain, for nothing came, the fine speech which Abe had been conning over all the way from the store, having basely deserted him at this point.

Another pause ensued, Annie pertinaceously remaining silent, and Abe endeavoring to recall his speech. After a while he began:

"Miss Annie, I—" but no, away went the speech again, leaving poor Abe with his mouth open looking so foolish, but, withal, in such an agony, that Annie began to pity him, and in the feeling forgot her own nervousness.

"What was thee going to say, Abel?" she asked, with an accession of kindness to her voice, that, slight as it was, thrilled through the poor little fellow's silly heart, and made, as Longfellow quaintly expresses it, his inward delight tingle down to the tails of his coat. In the left hand pocket of this coat was the poem, and Abe now produced it, unfolding it slowly, while Annie looked at him wonderingly.

"I've brought an offering of my poor muse, Miss Annie," said Abe, when he had unfolded the paper and smoothed it out upon his knee, "that will tell my feelins' better than I can say 'em just now; shall I read it to you?"

Annie, who had begun to feel a kind of quizzical interest in the matter, nodded assent, and Abe went on to read his production in the most eloquent way he could. When he came to the lines—

"May you in Hymen's chains soon join
With some bright worthy swain,"

he threw into his voice and manner all the significance of which they were susceptible, and even paused to observe the effect. Annie's face flushed slightly, but she said nothing, and did not turn her eyes toward him.

Abe had relied somewhat upon this point in his poem, considering it a very neat way of making the declaration he had been trying so long to get at; being baffled, he finished somewhat lamely.

Annie made no remark upon it, really not knowing what to say; and after a moment's silence, Abe rose from his chair, crossed over to where she was sitting, and laid the paper in her lap, saying, as he did so,

"Will Miss Annie accept this poor production? It was wrote all out of my own head o' purpose for you, and it displays the feelins' that's been strugglin' for expression in my bosom ever since I first know'd you. Oh! Miss Annie," he exclaimed, dropping on one knee and seizing her hand before she suspected what he was about, "let me be the 'worthy swain' to 'join you in Hymen's bands;' let this hand be mine;" and, emboldened by her silence, he attempted to pass his other arm around her waist.

Annie snatched her hand away as if his grasp had burned her, and sprang to her feet with a suddenness and force that nearly capsized Abe into the fire.

"This is too much," she exclaimed, the blood springing to her face, and her usually soft, velvet eyes flashing and sparkling with an anger she had never felt before; "thee's an insolent coward, Abel Spicer. I've borne thy persecutions for a good while, because I didn't want to hurt thy feelings by telling thee what I thought of thee, but this must be the last of them. Thee may go, and if thee ever dares to speak to me again, I shall tell my father of thy conduct to-night."

Abe had gathered himself up, and stood utterly dumbfounded at this marvellous display of passion by one usually so gentle as Annie. In fact he didn't understand it all. Most of the class of girls with whom he was intimate, and with whom he had been accustomed to flirt, would have taken his action rather as a challenge to a tussle than as a serious offence. He still thought that Annie could not be in earnest, and that her manner was only a coyness which could be overcome by a bold perseverance. It had been so with other girls, though he had never seen coyness take this particular aspect before; why should he be beat by this, and have her laugh at him afterwards for his timidity. With this idea in his weak little brain he actually advanced again towards Annie laughing.

She was alarmed, and retreated towards the door. Abe sprang after and threw his arm around her before she reached it. Before Annie had time to utter the cry for help that was upon her lips, Abe felt a strong hand twisted into the back of his cravat, and the next instant he was hurled spinning across the room and brought up against the partly open outer door with a force that drove it to with a slam, and made the dishes rattle on the shelves of the cupboard that stood beside it. As soon as he could gather his wits together he naturally looked around to see whence this unceremonious greeting had come. There, on the spot which he had vacated with such involuntary and undignified rapidity, with one arm around Annie, who, now that her sudden and unwonted passion had reacted, was leaning her head on his shoulder and sobbing violently, stood Roney Baldwin looking at him silently, with his upper lip drawn back from his clenched teeth, and his clear, gray eyes sparkling like those of a rattlesnake about to strike.

Abe, to do him justice, though a conceited jackanape, was by nature neither coward nor blackguard. He had really not had the slightest idea of insulting Annie by the course he had taken, but thought he was taking the very course she secretly wished. All his previous acquaintance had been among the class of girls known as "rompe" with whom such a mode of action would have been nothing out of the way, and his ideas of female character had been formed very much from these models. I have said he was no coward; and in his wrath at the rude handling he had received, leaving explanations for a more convenient time, he sprang at Roney like a wild-cat. The latter encumbered by Annie, who was clinging to him, had barely time to throw out his right arm so as to parry the blow that Abe struck with all his force as he came within reach; at the same instant, as Abe surged by him with the impetus of his rush, he put out his foot and tripped him; the little fellow, however, was as active as a squirrel, and was only brought down upon his hands and knees, from which he recovered himself in a moment. By that time, however, Annie had disengaged herself, and Roney was ready for his antagonist. Abe came at him again, flinging his arms about like the sails of a stumpy little wind mill; but Roney knowing that his little antagonist was no match for him, and, moreover, having a great repugnance to getting into a rough-and tumble fight, generously forebore to strike, but contented himself with parrying the first blow which was aimed at him, and then, by a sudden movement, threw his arms around Abe, and drawing him close to him with an irresistible bear-hug, made it impossible for the latter to draw his arms back far enough to strike him, though he continued for half a minute or so making furious lunges which passed over Roney's shoulders, and spent themselves on the air. When he stopped for want of breath, Roney slackened his embrace, and as Abe started back from him caught him dexterously by the wrists, and held him in a grasp in which one effort to wrench himself loose, satisfied Abe that he was powerless.

"Now," said Roney, in that low, curt, crisp way of speaking, that I have already mentioned as one of his peculiarities when excited, "Now, sir, if you're come to your senses I'll let you go. Right through that door lies your way; if you're longer getting to it than it takes you to walk there, I'll help you on. Do you hear?"

"I hear you, Roney Baldwin," said Abe, and I won't forget you. I'm not afraid of you, big as you are, and I'll make it my business to have a settlement with you for this yet. I owe an apology to Miss Annie," he added, looking towards her, "for fighting in her presence; I forgot where I was. I owe her an explanation besides, that I'll give another time, to her, not to you; look to yourself after this."

Roney, who had regained his composure, made no answer but a smile of contempt and a gesture towards the door, as he loosed Abe's wrists, though he was struck with the deliberation, in such strong contrast to the fury he had shown a moment before, with which Abe spoke. He watched him through the door, and then turned to Annie, who had stood apart, like a sensible girl as she was, neither screaming nor meddling, but letting the two men settle the matter between themselves.

"Well, Annie," said he, "what put Abe upon such a freak as this?"

"I can't imagine," said she; "I never saw anything like it in him before. I was completely taken by surprise."

"I wonder if he's been drinking," said Roney, after a pause.

"No," answered Annie, "I think not; if he had been, I think I should have noticed it on his breath."

"Was he near enough to you for that?" asked her lover, quickly.

"Thee saw how near he was," she answered, with a smile. "Oh, I'm so glad thee came in when thee did; I don't know what I should have done; to think of such a fellow"—and her eyes flashed again, and her form involuntarily drew up, as she thought of the scene she had gone through; the next moment the fierce glitter had left her eyes, and the smile had come back, and she resumed—"If thee'll promise not to be jealous, Roney, I'll tell thee all about it."

Roney gave the required promise, and sealed it after the fashion usual in such cases.

Annie then told him all that had happened; her sadness, her watching for him, her mistaking Abe in the distance for him, and then she read aloud the poem which she found lying on the hearth where it had fallen when she first sprang up.

Roney's eyes lighted up for a moment, as she described Abe's first attempt to put his arm around her, but he restrained himself pretty well, only muttering between his teeth—"The insolent little whiffet," until Annie had finished, and then said, quietly,

"Annie, will you let me have that paper?"

She handed it to him, asking him what he was going to do with it.

"I'm going to make him swallow it, line by line," was the answer.

"No, no, thee mustn't do anything with it but send it back to him," said Annie, alarmed; "indeed, Roney, thee must let the matter drop here, unless he forces thee to take notice of it again; won't thee, now," she added, coaxingly, "as a favor to me? If thee should do anything of that kind, don't thee see it would make a terrible quarrel, and get my name spread over the neighborhood as the girl that Roney Baldwin and Abe Spicer fought about?"

"So it would," said he, nodding; "I didn't think of that; that wouldn't do at all; well, I'll let it drop, then; I don't think he'll be likely to disturb you again."

"I'm not much afraid for myself," said Annie, "but I am afraid thee'll have trouble with him. Did thee notice his manner as he went out? I never saw him look or speak so before."

"There was a wonderful change from what he generally is," said Roney, laughing; "I didn't think the little ape had so much downright earnest about him; but don't be afraid, Annie, I'll take care of myself."

"I do hope thee will, Roney; I would beg thee to keep out of his way, only thee's so headstrong I know it would be of no use."

"No, Annie," answered Roney, "I have more important matters to attend to than keeping out of the way for fear of Abe Spicer; he had better keep out of my way, though, if he has any thought of going on in this matter; if he forces me to take hold of him again, he won't get off so lightly as he did this time."

"Roney," said she, taking his hand in both her own, "thee must promise me, solemnly, that thee won't try to meet that man; and if thee does meet him, that thee'll avoid any quarrel with him, so far as thee can, without looking cowardly, which I do believe all men dread more than doing wrong. Will thee promise?"

"Yes, I will," he answered; "no word of mine shall give him reason to suppose I have anything against him, and I think I can afford to take something from him, without people thinking it's because I'm afraid of him. If there's any more difficulty between us, he'll begin it."

"That's enough," said she: "I only hope, now, you'll never meet again."

This being satisfactorily adjusted, Roney sat down beside Annie, and finished, in a manner highly satisfactory to both parties the evening's courting, which Abe had so unprosperously begun. Both were so much interested in the business, indeed, that they gave no heed how the time was passing around the face of the tall old eight day clock, until the door opened, and Mr. Brennington entered! He looked at the young couple with a grave and not very well pleased expression of countenance, greeting Roney civilly enough, but not at all cordially. They had involuntarily moved their chairs a little apart when they heard his step upon the porch, and were sitting, looking very soberly into the fire, with nothing in their position sufficiently demonstrative for him to take hold of. He suspected strongly, however, that they had not been keeping at such an extremely proper distance from each other all the time, but having no tangible reason for expressing his suspicions before Roney, he kept them to himself. After a few minutes general conversation, Roney took his leave, and Mr. Brennington proceeded to question Annie as to the reason of his presence there.

Feeling that this was a better opportunity than she might have again, Annie, with a good deal of blushing and nervousness, told him all about her attachment to Roney, about their conditional engagement, and the various attempts she had made, unsuccessfully, to inform him of it. It was a hard trial for the poor child to make these disclosures to her father, who sat listening silently, with stern gravity, giving no evidence of what might be his feeling upon the subject, but she kept on bravely; when she came to the description of Abe's pranks that evening, however, his face flushed purple, and he sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing with a most unquakerish wrath. Commanding himself in a moment, he sat down again, and Annie went on to tell how Roney's opportune arrival had saved her.

When she had finished, her father sat thoughtfully for a few moments, and then said:

"Annie, I was in hopes that my daughter would not have wished to marry a rebel to his King; and besides, thee committed a grave fault in engaging thyself where thee knew I would not approve of it."

Annie buried her face in her hands.

"But I don't mean to scold thee," he continued, more kindly; "thee is very young yet, and could hardly have known the importance of the step thee was taking; let that pass; upon the whole, I don't know but it's best as it is; if you were both a few years older, I don't know any man I would have chosen before young Baldwin—apart from his being a rebel. But neither of you must think of that, while this war lasts, at any rate. Afterwards, if you are as much bound up in each other as you seem to be now, I won't oppose it. Thee may tell Roney so, the next time thee sees him."

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Abe, when he left the house, mounted his horse, and rode forth into the wild, gusty March night, with a spirit splendidly in unison with the blasts of wind which howled around him as he galloped furiously along the winding creek road, through the woods, despite the rough ground and the darkness and the danger from hanging limbs of trees. He had but one feeling, which swallowed up everything else—a mad, consuming thirst for revenge. At first it was directed solely against Roney, who had been the agent in his humiliation; but as he churned over scheme after scheme in his mind, Annie's form mingled itself in his wild plans, until at last his rage burned against her quite as fiercely for having witnessed his defeat, as it did against Roney for having caused it. He swore a bitter oath to himself that he would have her, if he had to carry her off over the dead bodies of Roney and her father, and all who might stand in his way; which was a very strong and magnificent determination to express, but slightly uncertain as to execution, he not having taken into consideration the possibility of his own body taking that unpleasant position in the event of his making the attempt.

His horse dashed along the rugged, frozen road, slipping and stumbling among the ruts, now scraping Abe's face against the sprays which overhung the road, now swerving suddenly to one side as as a limb projected more than usual, until, near the spot where he had encountered Jem Gilmer six months before, the beast suddenly planted his front hoofs against the ground, stopping himself with a shock that brought him on his haunches; and sent his rider, who was totally unprepared for it, against his neck and head with a force that nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"Who the d—l's this that runs a horse along a dark road through the woods, ridin' down honest travellers at night?" said a strong, harsh voice.

Abe looked up, and saw the dim outline of a man's form displayed against the faint light that came from the opening in the trees where the roads crossed each other. He appeared to be tall and athletic, as well as Abe could judge by the first hasty glance in the uncertain light, and his position, at the moment, was not strongly calculated to sustain his claim to being an "honest traveller," for one hand was grasping the horse's bridle close to the bit, and holding him forcibly back, while the other held a pistol close to Abe's face, the lock clicking ominously, as he spoke:

"What do you mean by ridin' this way along a road like this, where you can't see a rod ahead of you?"

"I'm in a hurry," said Abe, sulkily.

"I should think so," said the stranger, dryly; "I should think you were ridin' a borrowed horse, too, by the way you're usin' him; but come, I'm in a hurry, too, and I want a horse: so you're goin' to lend me this one, and get home afoot; dismount."

"Who are you," said Abe, "that undertake to help yourself to other people's property on the highway?"

"Captain Fitz," was the laconic answer.

At any other time, Abe's heart would have quailed at finding himself alone with this notorious desperado, who had, for the last few months, kept all Chester county in terror by his daring atrocities; but at this moment he was totally reckless of everything but the one desire for revenge, and the devil, whom Fitz had invoked, and who had been busy with Abe all the way, suggested to him that here was a good opportunity to gratify it, without any serious risk to himself.

"Captain Fitz!" he exclaimed, eagerly, "the very man, of all others, I want to see!"

"The d—l you do!" said the other, with a harsh laugh; "it ain't many people would say that; what do you want me for; to take me and get the reward?"

"No," said Abe, "I want you to help me take somebody else, and get the reward for yourself."

"What's the reward—and who's the man?"

"Fifty pounds—which you may keep for yourself, if we take him; the man's a young rebel scout, named Roney Baldwin, that Cornwallis wants to get hold of."

"What do you want him taken for, if you don't care for the fifty pounds?"

"Because he's in my way, and I hate him like a blacksnake. I don't care whether we take him alive, or knock his brains out in trying it; if anything, I'd rather that, for then he'd be out of the way for good," said Abe, grinding his teeth.

"Then there's a girl in the case, is there?" said the robber.

"How do you know there is?" said Abe.

"I can guess," said the other, quietly; "youngsters don't get in each other's way much, unless there is; however, that's no business of mine. Fifty pounds are worth having. Now, where is he to be found; when did you see him last?"

"I saw him to-night," said Abe, grinding his teeth again at the recollection.

"Oho!" said Fitz, "I see now, what sent you down this breakneck road at such a dence of a rate. But come off into the woods a little, and we'll talk this matter over. I don't want your horse; I've one tied to a sapling in here, worth a dozen of him."

The two men then withdrew a little distance among the trees, where they talked in subdued tones about half an hour; during which Abe gave his new acquaintance as much information as he was possessed of concerning Roney's movements, but urged him, if possible, to attack him sometime when he and Annie should be together at her father's house. At the close of this precious conference, the two worthies mounted their horses and rode off, Abe towards Kennet and the robber in the opposite direction.

When they had got to a safe distance, a round, woolly head was thrust cautiously out from the bushes by the roadside, and, after a look in each direction, it's owner broke out into an audible chuckle. "De lawn-a-massy," said he, "what a debblish pair o' rascals. Dey're agwine to catch Mass' Roney, are dey? We'll see 'bout dat. Reckon dey didn't know Sam war ahint de big old hick'ry a listenin'. I knows dat Cap'n Fitz; it's de same villain dat stole de money from Mass' Ab'm's pocket dat time dey car' off de hogs las' winter; I know'd his ugly face soon's I seed it for all de dark."

This was the fact. You may remember, at the time of the raid upon William Willson by the party from Valley Forge, that two of the men were flogged for stealing. One of them, the fellow who had gone by the name of Fisher, enraged by the beating, managed to desert on the way back to the camp. No effort was made to retake him, as the party had neither time nor men to spare for the purpose, and he fled across the country towards Philadelphia. He lay there for several weeks, concealed from a pursuit that was never made after him; and finally, having succeeded in procuring a horse, started out on his own account, as a "British Refugee," which was a milder term for robber. He soon gathered a band of desperadoes of his own kidney around him, and being reckless, and daring, and cruel, was not long in making his name the terror of the whole section of country which he frequented.

Sam's presence at the critical moment, so far from home, is easily explained. Being a somewhat precocious youth, he had a small matter of courting on his own hands, near Jones's Ford, now better known as Painter's Bridge, and was on his way to attend to it, when he heard the tramp of Abe's horse as he galloped along the road. Unable to see, he had stepped to one side in order to let him pass and avoid the danger of being ridden down in the darkness, and was waiting for him to pass by, when he suddenly detected the sound of hoofs coming in the opposite direction. The last rider seemed to have noticed Abe's approach also, for Sam heard him check his horse, dismount, and lead him hastily into the woods, and then return on foot. The next moment the rencontre happened, as I have already described.

"I wonder whar Mass' Roney is!" muttered Sam, scratching his head for information; "he ought to know dis, sart'n. I can't be gwine see Miss 'Thusy (her name was Arethusa, but Sam could never get around the whole of it,) dis yer night, no how. I must go right straight back to Mass' Willson an' tell him 'bout it. Gwine to catch Mass' Roney is ye? Oh, you's a precious pair o' villains," he added, shaking one fist down, and the other up the road after the retreating conspirators, who were now far out of sight. There was a severe struggle in poor Sam's mind between his duty and inclination. After having come so far over bad roads on foot, and on a cold night, he may be excused for feeling somewhat disappointed at having to turn back when within ten minutes of his journey's end. But, though it was with a heavy heart, he did it, and went back as fast as his legs could carry him. When he had got about half way back, he heard the tramp of a horse again, but coming at a moderate trot

such as becomed a man who conceived his beast's legs to be made of something besides cast steel. As the steps drew near, Sam crouched back into a corner of the fence, confident that he would be entirely concealed by the shadow of the ground which rose into a slight bank in the rear. Curled up into as small a compass as possible, with his eyes wide open, he waited the result, with a slight degree of nervousness. At last the steps were close at hand, and Abe had begun to descry an uncertain looking form against the sky, when, suddenly, the horse gave a short, quick neigh, and sprang from all four feet at once, like a deer, to the opposite side of the road.

"Hallo!" exclaimed his rider, "what 're you 'bout?" and then added in a lower tone, "what is it, Freckles?" and at the moment catching a glimpse of the whites of Sam's eyes, he sprang from his horse, dashed across the road, and had the frightened negro by the throat before he had time to uncoil himself. Fortunately, Sam had recognized the voice, and the name by which his captor had addressed his horse, and managed to stammer out,—"D-d d-don't, Mass' Roney; I's Sam; don' you know me?"

"Sam!" said Roney, in astonishment, as he let go his hold, and allowed his prisoner to rise, "what the mischief are you doing here, this time o' night? Whose turkeys are you after now? and what made you hide, that way, in the fence corner?"

"I ain't arter no turkeys dis time," said Sam, solemnly, "an' I got into de fence corner 'cause I didn't know who it wur a comin'; I's seed two debbils dis night, an' I didn' want to see no more."

"Two devils! what do you mean?"

"Yes, sa, I seen two debbils, a big one an' a little one; de big one was Cap'n Fitz, an' de little one, I don't know; he was a squatty feller wid a red coat on."

"Captain Fitz," said Roney, "are you sure of that, Sam?"

"Sart'n, sa; 'cause I heered him say he was."

"I wonder what he's after about here?" said Roney, musingly; "no good, of course; if I could only find out where he is we might rid the country of him; you say the other had on a red coat;" he resumed; "was he a soldier?"

"No, sa, he warn't no soger," said Sam, "his coat warn't a soger coat, it wur a dandy coat; I heered him say suffin to toder feller 'bout seein' you to-night a little while afore dey met."

"It must have been Abe Spicer," said Roney quickly, "he's the only man with a red coat I've met to-night. But what can he be doing with an outlawed rascal like Captain Fitz? There's some foul play going on. What did they do when they met, Sam?"

"Why, at fust, de little one was a galloppin' like mad, and den Cap'n Fitz cotch his hoss by de head an' stopped him, an' was gwine to shoot him wid a pistol; an' den dey talk a little, an' den dey come off de road, back in de woods, an' I dodged ahint an ole hick'ry close by, an' heered all dey said."

"Well, what *did* they say?" asked his hearer, impatiently.

"Why, dey talked about cotchin' you, an' suffin about a lady day wanted to be dere when you was cotch."

"Ha!" said Roney; "well, go on."

"Den dey talked about cotchin' you sometime when you was at somebody's house; I don't know de name right; I tink it was suffin like Brummagem."

"Was it Brennington?"

"Dat was it; dey was gwine to watch and see when you went to Mass' Bren'nton's, an' Cap'n Fitz, he was a gwine to hab some o' his gang, an' tie you fass, an' take you off to Philadelphy, an' den de little one, he said he was a gwine to car' off de lady, an' see how she'd like it; an' den he said, if dey'd knock you ober de head, 'stead o' car'n you off, it 'ud be all de better."

"So, this is the way he's going to settle the matter, is it?" said Roney to himself; "the sooner it's done, the better for both of us; perhaps he'll discover a mistake before he gets through. Do you think they suspected you of being near, Sam?"

"I 'spect dey didn't s'pect nuffin, sa; 'cause I moved along jis' as quiet as a fox arter—"

"A turkey," interrupted Roney.

"Oh, sho! Mass' Roney; lef' dat turkey be; we's got ser'ouser matters to talk 'bout."

"Then if they don't suspect you, they won't suppose I know anything about the plan, and I'll counterplot them," said Roney.

"Well, sa, you'll gib Sam a chance at 'em when de time comes, won't you?"

"If I can trust you to fight if it is necessary, I will want help."

"You kin trust me, Mass' Roney; sartin you kin trust me; I'd like to git a crack at dat little rascal what war gwine to car' off de lady!"

"You shall have the chance, Sam; you shall have the chance, if I do anything. Now, we must get home as soon as we can; jump up behind me; you can ride double, I suppose," said Roney, mounting.

"'Spec' so," said Sam, grinning; "dat's de way I larn to ride; me an' a meal bag;" and suddenly placing his hands upon the crupper of Roney's saddle, he made a clean leap from the ground and lit astride Freckles' rump, much to that spirited animal's indignation.—He expressed this by a furious plunging and kicking, which, however, produced no effect whatever in dislodging his extra rider.

He was not naturally vicious, however, and soon became reconciled to the unwonted pressure on his back, and travelled briskly homewards. But little was said by either of the riders; Roney was pondering a scheme by which to head off the conspiracy against him, and, if possible, to capture Fitz; and Sam, now that his excitement had somewhat passed off, was alternately "building castles in the air," with Thusy's eyes for windows, and grieving over his disappointment in not having seen her.

In a short time they reached Roney's house, pretty thoroughly chilled by their cold ride, and found a roaring fire blazing in the chimney. As it was late, and he was not expected at home that night, Sam concluded to stay where he was, and accordingly, after the fire was raked up, disposed himself to sleep in front of it, after his usual fashion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ATTACK.

Roney lost no time in bringing the question between himself and Abe to a decision. He thought that if he and Annie were to be "abducted," the sooner it was done the better. If they were not to be, the sooner they knew it the better.

Accordingly, about the middle of the ensuing week, he contrived to let Abe know, through Sam's agency, that he expected to be at Mr. Brennington's on the following Saturday evening. Sam was personally unknown to Abe, who, seeing no reason to suspect anything in what he took for the loose chatter of a negro boy, swallowed the bait that Sam laid for him, with the most perfect innocence.

The trap was a very simple one. Sam, at Roney's request, had obtained permission from his master, to visit Miss Arethusa in the middle of the week instead of waiting until Saturday. After devoting the evening to courting, very much to his own satisfaction, Sam went over to the store early the next morning, and began chaffering for some small articles.

Abe, who was waiting on him, observing that he was a stranger, very naturally asked him where he belonged. Sam told him the exact truth, without any hesitation.

"Then," said Abe, "if you come from there, maybe you know a young man named Baldwin, that lives in the neighborhood."

"Roney Baldwin?" inquired Sam.

"Yes; I believe that's his name."

"Sart'n, sa, I knows Roney Baldwin, sa;" answered Sam. "I spec' mebbe you've seed him you' sef, sometimes—'cause he often comes down yer a-courtin on Saturdy nights."

"Comes a-courtin, does he," said Abe, "who do you s'pose he's after in this neighborhood?"

"Why, she libs ober dar on Bran'wine; her name's Brun'nton, an' he's a-comin to see her nex' Saturdy night."

"How do you know?" asked Abe, quickly.

"'Cause I heered him tell Mass' Willson so. Mass' Willson, he axed him wur he gwine to be at home Seben-day night; an' Roney he say, no, he war gwine ober to Mass' Brun'nton's, 'cause, some feller had been an' dissulted de lady las' Saturdy night; he didn' tell his name—an' he war 'fraid mebbe de feller mought come agin, so he t'ought he'd be dar, for fear."

Abe was satisfied with this information, and asked no more questions, and Sam, after making a few trifling purchases, took his departure.

That night, Abe rode twelve miles to a rendezvous, which Captain Fitz had described to him at their meeting in the road, and where he had promised to be on this very night, to see if Abe had any news. The spot indicated was in a hollow in a patch of woods near the "Turk," now West Chester. It was at the spring which formed the source of a run emptying into the Brandywine, close by the present Jefferis' Ford bridge. The spring was situated about three-fourths of a mile in a southwesterly direction from the Turk's Head, and though it is now within the town limits, and close beside one of the streets which has outstripped the growth of the town, and ambitiously stretched itself far into the country, parallel with the Wilmington road, it was then completely secluded, being deeply bedded in woods, and overgrown with thick bushes, which, together with its situation, hemmed in on three sides by tolerably high banks, made it as desirable a place for concocting any nice little piece of devilment which would not bear the light, as could have been wished for.

Not being well acquainted with the ground, Abe had some trouble in finding the spot in the gloom, but after some searching, reached what he supposed must be the place, and ventured to give the signal agreed upon. There was no answer, and he soon began to feel uncomfortable. The darkness was thick enough on the open road, for there was no moon, and the sky was covered with a heavy curtain of clouds, but here, in the hollow, in the midst of a thick growth of trees and rankly growing briars, it was intense. The trees were still bare of leaves; and when he looked upward he could faintly distinguish the bare branches against the dull sky, standing out in iron rigidity, or grotesquely interlaced with each other in endless convolutions.

Abe, like most men of his time, was not entirely free from a tinge of superstition, and to him there was something uncanny in the deep silence, and the gloom, and the solitary feeling that came over him. Moreover, it was the first scheme of deliberate villainy in which he had ever been engaged, and no man feels entirely comfortable when he is about taking that first step on the road over which it is so hard to return. He began to see dim faces peeping at him from among the bushes, appearing for an instant, and then disappearing, to be succeeded by others, sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another. Then he would hear faint giggles of suppressed laughter, whispering among the trees, or dying away in the depths of the spring. Then the gurggle of the water as it tumbled among the stones, would articulate "murderer!" to Abe's startled conscience as clearly and distinctly as though the word had been brayed into his ear through a speaking trumpet, and then the giggles would go whispering again among the trees, in wierd and devilish glee, and the grinning faces would appear on all sides, and whip out of sight as he turned to look at them, 'till he was in an extacy of nervous fear at the phantoms his guilty imagination had conjured up. He was so wrought up, indeed, that he was on the point of turning his horse and getting out of the woods, and home as fast as possible, when he heard a dry branch snap, and then a sudden irregular stamping of feet, as though some one had stumbled and recovered himself. This was followed by a harsh voice cursing the darkness, which, though its tones were suppressed, Abe, whose faculties were preternaturally sharpened, at once recognized as the voice of Captain Fitz. This first real voice which he had heard, restored Abe to himself at once. He gave the signal whistle again, which was immediately answered, and then the voice of Fitz, who was still invisible, was heard growling,

"It's you, is it? Where the d—l are you?"

"Here," answered Abe in a low voice, "here, down in the hollow by the spring; why didn't you answer when I whistled first?"

"'Cause I didn't hear you; how long have you been here?" said the speaker, coming into view.

"I don't know," answered Abe, sullenly; "about fifteen minutes I guess, though it seemed like as many hours; I've been thinkin' all sorts of infernal nonsense while I waited for you; if you hadn't come just when you did, I'd ha' gone home again an' give up the job."

"And the gal?" said the other with a low, disagreeable laugh, "you'd ha' been a fool for that; an' besides," he added, changing his tone, "you've got to go through with this matter now; I'll have no playin' fast an' loose with me; you'll just go on till you've got your neck as far into the halter as mine is. If I swing, you'll swing with me."

"And suppose, Mr. Captain Fitz," said Abe, who, as I have remarked, did not want for "pluck" when opposed to a tangible adversary, "suppose I choose to go, and give up the whole business; what 'll hinder me?"

"One whistle of mine," said Fitz, steraly, "that will bring a dozen men on you who'd ask no better fun than to tuck you by the heels to that limb up there, and leave you to be eat alive by the buzzards. Come, come," he added, changing his tone again, "what's the use o' quarrellin'? You want the gal, an' I want the money; I s'pose you hain't come all this way for a sociable visit; what have you heard?"

"I don't intend to go back," said Abe, "but I don't want to be talked to as if I was under your orders. I've found out that Baldwin's to be at the house next Saturday night, an' I want you to be there so as to take him and the girl; you'd better not try it single handed."

"Why not?"

"Because, if you do, you'll stand a chance of getting your broth hotter than you can sup it; Baldwin's no braggin' militia captain, to be frightened at the snap of an old candlestick."

"Ah! you heard of that, did you?" said Fitz, laughing; "I guess that chap won't talk so loud about takin' people another time; I've got the watch yet that I took from him that night."

The incident allluded to had taken place in the winter at a meeting which had been called to devise plans for capturing the redoubtable highwayman. With his usual daring, Fitz was present with several of his gang, in disguise, and took an active part in the debate. He was somewhat annoyed by the vaporing of a young militia captain who boasted that if he ever met with Fitz he would take him without asking help from anybody. The latter whispered to his lieutenant, who was near him, that he would have that fellow's watch before the evening was over, and that he would take it with no more dangerous weapon than an iron candlestick that stood on the chimney-piece of the room where the meeting was held. Accordingly, watching his opportunity, he took the candlestick down, and stepping over to the officer, told him, in a whisper, to come out into the yard, and he would tell him a plan for catching Fitz better than any that had been thought of yet. When he had got his victim a short distance from the house, he turned on him, pointed the candlestick at his head, snapped the spring as if he were cocking a pistol, and then demanded his watch, announcing his name at the same moment. The youngster, who saw nothing but the muzzle of a horse pistol in the old candlestick, was now as meek as he had before been belligerent. He gave up his watch, and suffered Fitz to tie him to a tree near the door without a word or a struggle, while the robber mounted his horse and quietly rode off. The captain's absence being noticed, he was shortly afterwards released by two or three men who came out to look for him, and went home considerably mortified, but cured of bragging for the rest of his life.

"Yes, I heard of it," said Abe; "it was a neat trick, but I wouldn't advise you to try it with Baldwin; he's wide awake and not given to bragging, and the man that takes him single-handed will do it because he is a better man."

"I s'pose you'll be about," said Fitz, "to lend a hand if help's wanted."

"I'll be about," answered Abe, "but I can't help you much; I want to carry off the girl in the disturbance; that'll be as much as I can attend to."

"Very well," said the robber, "we'll manage it. Remember, we take the fifty pounds; you're welcome to the gal; this carryin' off women," he added, philosophically, "ain't profitable; they either bite an' scratch an' squall like catamounts, or else they swound away, an' then you have the d—l's own trouble in bringin' 'em to; an' when you do, they don't thank you for it, but take on an' cry an' whine an' don't seem to have any gratitude, no matter how kind you are," and Fitz grunted indignantly.

"Well," said Abe, "you be there with half-a-dozen of your best men, to make sure; for I tell you you'll have hard fightin' to take him, dead or alive; I must go now, for I must get back before daylight."

A place of meeting was then agreed upon, and the two worthies separated, Captain Fitz plunging into the gloom of the woods, and Abe getting out of it into the road, by the shortest cut, and pushing for home as fast as possible.

Sam, on his return, had informed Roney of what had passed between Abe and himself at the store. The latter enjoined secrecy upon his informant, but promised that he would obtain his master's permission for him to accompany him on Saturday evening. He then went to eight or ten of the young men of the neighborhood on whom he could depend, stated the circumstances to them, and enlisted them without difficulty in the enterprise.

Roney, of course, did not know of Abe's meeting with Fitz at the spring, and was not at all certain that an attack would be made on him, but he thought it more than likely, and, to tell the truth, was rather anxious that it should be made, as it would afford an opportunity of capturing the dreaded freebooter, and at the same time, of giving Abe Spicer a lesson that he would remember for his lifetime.

Saturday came. Towards five o'clock in the afternoon Roney arrived at the house, and found Annie expecting him. Sam had accompanied him until they came to within a mile or so of the place, when he separated from him and reached it by a different route. It had been arranged that the party of Roney's friends should be concealed in the house, while Sam should remain outside, on the watch. A few words from Roney informed Annie of the state of affairs. She was, of course, a good deal alarmed, and anxious for her lover's safety. She refused his entreaties to conceal herself, saying that where he was in danger, there was her place.

"I'm not afraid, Roney," she said; "let me stay, and if there should be fighting, even, I'll keep quiet, and won't faint, nor scream, nor catch hold of thee or any of thy friends," she added, with a faint smile, "nor do anything to hinder thy defence. But I could not bear to be hiding away in safety, while thee is in danger on my account. If they kill thee, they must kill me at the same time."

"There's no danger of their killing you, Annie, unless by accident, but if that miserable little wretch should seize upon you and carry you off in the confusion, what could you do?"

"I think I can take care of myself," said she, "and if I cannot, God can. I must stay, Roney; thee must allow me to share the danger, if there is any; and besides, if Abel should do what thee says, there would be a better chance of saving me from him here, than if he should take me from another part of the house, where I would be alone and out of the reach of help."

"I didn't think of that," said Roney; "you had better stay and keep near me, whatever happens."

The conversation was here interrupted by a tap at the back window. Annie started in alarm, but Roney, merely saying—"It's a friend," went to the back door. It was by this time tolerably dark; he had been anxiously waiting for his friends, who were later than he expected, and felt much relieved when he heard the signal. There was a fire burning in the chimney, which, though there was no other light in the room, made sufficient glare to render all objects outside invisible, while from without, everything in the room could be distinctly seen.

Roney opened the door and said, in a low voice,

"Come in."

There was an indistinct glimpse of a powerful form, a sudden bound at him, accompanied by a blow with a club, which, missing his head, at which it was aimed, only grazed his shoulder, and the next instant he was grappling, breast to breast, in a deadly struggle with Captain Fitz!

As they clenched each other, three or four more figures darted in at the door, and threw themselves upon the combatants who were by this time rolling on the floor, each striving desperately to get hold of the other's throat.—With these new forces came Abe, who disregarding the struggle that was going on, sprang at Annie, simply exclaiming,

"Now I've got you, my lady," and seizing her, dragged her towards the door.

She struggled bravely, and resisted with a strength that Abe had not calculated upon in her slight frame, but it was of no avail. She was dragged through the door, past Roney, who was still fighting desperately against the heavy odds of five strong men. The sight of Annie's danger nerved him for the moment with irresistible strength, and by one furious effort, he shook off the whole of them, and sprang to his feet. His enemies were up, however, as quickly as he was, and he would have been seized again, when there came the sharp, sudden crack of a rifle from one of the front windows, dropping one of the robbers with a bullet through his waistband.

"Gosh!" said a voice outside, "we'd like to been too late! At 'em boys!" And a dozen stout young farmers armed with rifles and duck guns, rushed in and surrounded the combatants.

The tables were turned. The robbers were outnumbered two to one, and would have been sacrificed on the spot, had not Roney exclaimed,

"Never mind me, boys. They've carried off Annie. After 'em, quick; you can save her yet."

There was one instant of bewildered silence, and then there was the tramp of a horse's feet at a heavy gallop, and a woman's scream rang high and clear on the night air. Half of the rescuers darted through the front door to their horses, while Roney, taking advantage of the momentary lull, knocked down with his fist the robber who stood directly between him and the back door, near which the scuffle had taken place, sprang over his body and through the door, right into the clutch of two of the fellows outside, who had remained to keep watch, but who were now hurrying in to assist their comrades. All three went down together, and the next instant were followed by a rush of the whole party inside, and the yard became at once the scene of a hurly-burly, in the midst of which I must leave them to follow Abe, in company with those who had started in pursuit. Some little time was taken up in unhitching their horses and mounting, and by the time they had reached the back of the house, Abe was so far off that the sound of their own horses' feet completely drowned that of Abe's, even if he was still within hearing. They kept on along the road, however, and might eventually have outrun Abe's overladen horse, but there was a Nemesis on his track, swifter than they.

Sam had been as much taken by surprise as Roney, at the first attack; he had expected that the farmers would be on the ground long before the others, and had been watching the road for them, from the front. He was close to the house, however, and had seen the first entrance of the robbers, with Abe in their rear. He had previously armed himself with a hatchet and was about to go to Roney's assistance, when his purpose was changed by seeing Annie dragged off by Abe. He instantly darted around the house, just in time to see her in the grasp of the two sentinels, who tied a handkerchief over her mouth, and then lifted her on a horse in front of Abe, who had already mounted. As he seized her in his arms, and sunk the spurs into his horse, she managed to slip the handkerchief from her mouth and utter the single scream I have mentioned. Her mouth was instantly covered again by one of Abe's hands, and the horse galloped off, while the two men darted towards the house to assist their comrades, and came in contact with Roney, as I have stated. Sam had halted for a moment while this was going on, but the moment the coast was clear, the fleet-footed negro started at full speed on the trail. He could not see at any distance before him, but he heard the trampling of the horse's hoofs over the hard, rough ground. This roughness was in his favor, for it was impossible for a horse to go at full speed among the deep ruts with which the road abounded, without an almost certainty of falling, even if not unusually laden; carrying double, Abe did not venture to push his horse beyond a heavy gallop, intending to turn off into the woods at a point a short distance from the house.

He never reached that point.

Fleet as a hound, and, boy though he was, long-winded and untiring as a prairie wolf, Sam overtook him before he had passed more than three-fourths of the mile that lay between the house and the point where he expected to leave the road.

The boy did not show himself immediately, but kept behind, in the shadow, until an opportunity for carrying out his plan should occur.

He had not long to wait. About a hundred yards beyond where he had overtaken Abe, the ground rose into a low hill. This had been cut away somewhat, to make the road less steep, leaving a bank of some four feet high at the greatest elevation, on each side, with a smooth footpath along the top. As Abe passed the beginning of the rise, Sam left the road and took the footpath, up which he pressed rapidly, though still keeping a little in the rear. As the horse approached the deepest part of the cut, he inclined toward the left bank along which Sam was running. Sam seeing this, darted forward silently, and, as the horse came within three or four feet of the bank, sprang with a monkey-like bound astride his rump, behind Abe, throwing his arms around the neck of the latter, to steady himself as he lit, and uttering a wild whoop at the same instant. The frightened horse plunged furiously for a moment, but the weight of his triple load soon quieted him, and Abe, who at first was half-paralyzed by the sudden fright, and very nearly unseated by the violent effort that Sam had made to hurl him from the saddle, now loosed his hold of the bridle with one hand, still retaining his grasp of Annie with the other, turned half around in the saddle, and fired at random over his shoulder a pistol he had snatched from his belt. The powder singed the wool and burned away the skin on the side of Sam's head, but the ball missed him; furious with the smart, he drew back his right hand, which still retained the hatchet, and struck with all his force, sending the edge through hat crown and skull, deep into the brain of the unlucky Abe.

The poor little wretch straightened out his quivering limbs for an instant, and then collapsed and rolled sideways off the horse, dead, carrying Annie and his slayer with him, while the frightened horse dashed off up the road at full speed. Sam scrambled up immediately, his African rage by no means appeased, exclaiming:

"Guess you won't car' off no more ladies, nor fire no more pistols now, you cussed rascal!" and dragging the body away from Annie, who had fallen partly under it, he went to help her up, saying, "Is you hurt, Miss? I didn' mean to trow you off de hoss, but I couldn't help it."

Annie lay motionless and silent. Sam raised her from the ground, but she hung a dead weight in his arms.

"I do believe she's kilt," he muttered; "I hope it warn't de tumble off de hoss dat did it. I can't nebber see Mass' Roney agin if it was!"

Sam's soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of the party in pursuit, who came galloping up, having been hurried by the whoop which he had given at the moment of his attack, and the report of the pistol which immediately followed it.

"Hol' up, dar! whar de debbil you gwine?" shouted Sam, as the foremost of the party came close to him without checking their speed.

"Halt!" exclaimed the nearest one, drawing his bridle with a force that almost threw his horse on his haunches, and stopping him with his nose against Sam's shoulder. The rest stopped almost as suddenly; and the last speaker, dismounting, came close to Sam, who was still supporting Annie.

"Who's this, and what are you? By thunder! It's Willson's Sam, and he's got the lady. Where's the fellow that took her?" he added.

"Dar he is in de gutter, wid he's head split open," said Sam; "nebber min' de rascal now; I'm afeard de lady's dead; she hain't moved nor said nuffin since I caught 'em."

"Dead! let me see," said the other, taking her out of Sam's arms and raising her tenderly in his own; "let me see; poor thing! if she is, I don't know how we'll tell her father and Baldwin."

As he concluded, Annie gave a long, trembling sigh.

"No, she's comin' to!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "it was nothin' but a swound. Hurrah, boys, it's all right. How do you feel?" he added, gently addressing Annie.

The poor girl raised her head, brushed away the hair which had fallen over her eyes, and looked wildly about her.

"Where am I; what has happened?" she exclaimed, as she saw the wild looking throng around her. "Oh! Roney, save me from that dreadful man. Where's Roney? Oh! I remember now. Have you killed him?"

"De lawd! Miss Annie, dese yer's all Mass' Roney's friends; dey ain't no robbers."

"Roney is safe, I'm sure," interrupted the one who had hitherto acted as spokesman, and to whose arm Annie was clinging to support herself, "we left more than enough men at the house to protect him, while we rode after you."

"An' de villain dat tuk you—"

"Is out of the way," interrupted the other, throwing his broad hand across Sam's mouth, and shifting his position so as to bring himself between Annie and the body of Abe; "I don't think he'll try it again, but you had better come home now; do you feel able to ride?"

"Oh! yes," said Annie, "I can ride now, and do let us go home as fast as we can. My father will be distracted if he comes home first and don't find me."

Annie was helped to a seat on the speaker's horse, where, being an excellent rider, she managed to fix herself comfortably in the saddle after the stirrup was shortened, though it was a man's, and she sat woman-fashion. One of the other men took the bridle, and they started homewards, Sam and two of the men lingering in the rear to drag Abe's body into the woods for the night, instead of carrying it with them, in order that Annie might not by any chance see it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS—There has been a pause in the demand for Flour, since the close of last week, but with light receipts, holders generally are firm in their views. Sales of 6000 barrels at $5,50 ₱ bbl for superfine; $5,62½@5,75 for extra; and $7 for extra family, including a lot of 500 bbls of the latter on terms kept secret. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within this range for common and extra lots, and $7,25@8,25 for extra family and fancy. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are very scarce. Sales of 200 bbls of the former at $4,37½@4,50 ₱ bbl. Pennsylvania Meal is much wanted. Sales of 1000 bbls at $3,75 @3,87½.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and in some instances holders have succeeded in realizing a further advance of 1@2 cents ₱ bus, as the receipts are extremely meagre, and the stocks in the hands of the millers are about exhausted. Sales of 16,000 bushels, in lots, at $1,50 @1,62 for common and prime red, and $1,70@ 1,85 ₱ bus for white. 1000 bushels Pennsylvania Rye sold at 95c@$1, and some Jersey at the former rate. Corn has been in good demand and the receipts have somewhat increased. Sales of 18,000 bushels yellow at 86@87c, afloat, and 85@86c, in store, including some damaged at 70@78c. Oats are exceedingly dull, and have declined 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 5000 bushels at 55c for Pennsylvania and 55c for Southern and Jersey. 2000 bushels Barley sold at 87@93c, and 5000 bushels Barley Malt at 95c@$1,10, on time. White Beans are very dull and prices nominal.

PROVISIONS are held firmly. Sales of 500 bbls City Packed Mess Pork at $18,50@18,62½, on time, and 300 bbls Prime at $13,25. City Packed Mess Beef ranges from $15 to $15,50 ₱ bbl. Bacon—The demand has fallen off, and prices have rather favored buyers. Sales of shipping and fancy Hams at 11@13c; Sides 10½@10½c, and Shoulders at 8c, 60 days. In Green Salted Meats very little doing, partly owing to the absence of supplies, and partly to an indisposition to purchase at present quotations. Small sales of Hams in salt at 9½@9½c; 100 casks fancy pickled do at 11c; Sides at 9@9½c, and Shoulders at 7@ 7½c, 60 days—chiefly at the latter figure; now held at 7½c. Lard meets a limited inquiry at last week's quotations, but there is not much offering. Sales of 200 bbls and tcs at 12½@12½c, and kegs at 13½c, short time. Butter is in limited request, but without change in prices. Sales of Solid Packed at 10½@12c, and Roll at 16@22c ₱ lb, as in quality. Cheese is improving. Sales of N York at 11½@12c ₱ lb. Of Ohio the market is nearly bare. Eggs dull at 15@16c

BARK—Of Quercitron Bark the stock is nearly exhausted, and there is very little coming forward. There is more demand, and 100 hhds No 1 sold at $32@33 ₱ ton. A sale of Chestnut Oak Bark was made at 11 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is steady at 33@34c ₱ lb for good Yellow.

COAL—Supplies are beginning to arrive by canal, but orders come in slowly, and the market generally is dull, but without any change to notice in prices, which rule nearly steady.

COFFEE—There has been a good inquiry, but the want of stocks has tended to restrict operations. Sales of 1500 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c; 1000 bags Laguayra at 11¾@12c, some Triage at 8½c; 100 mats Java at 15c, and a lot of Mocha at 17½c ₱ lb, on time.

COTTON—There has been an active inquiry—chiefly speculative—and prices have advanced fully ⅛c ₱ lb, but the rain has kept back buyers; sales of 1400 bales Uplands at 12½@13⅛c ₱ lb, cash, for Middling and Middling Fair quality, including some samples at 11½@12c, and stained at 12c ₱ lb, cash.

FEATHERS continue very scarce, with small sales of Western at 47@48c ₱ lb, cash

FRUIT—5000 bus African and 2500 bus North Carolina Pea Nuts sold on terms kept secret.—Sales of 400 bus Dried Apples at 9@9½c ₱ lb.—Dried Peaches are plenty and dull. Of Cranberries there are none here.

HIDES are wanted, but there are now few or none left in first hands. The recent invoice of 2500 salted Pernambuco sold at 19c ₱ lb, 6 months.

HOPS meet a steady inquiry at rates ranging from 14 to 20c for new Eastern and Western. Old Hops are nominal at 5@7c.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly, and there has been a steady inquiry. Sales of 500 tons Anthracite at $24 for No 1; $23 for No 2, and $22 ₱ ton, 6 months, for No 3; 1000 tons Grey Forge at $22, cash, and 1200 tons Foundry at $23, 6 months. A lot of Blooms sold at $80, 8 months. Bar and Boiler Iron are selling in a limited way at previous rates.

LEATHER Continues to command full rates, and a number of Eastern manufacturers have been in the market purchasing their supplies. We continue our former quotations.

LUMBER—The demand is increasing, but supplies come forward slowly. White Pine Boards are worth 15@16; Spruce Boards $11,50@12; Caroline Flooring $21@22, and Spruce Joist $13,50@14 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market is exceedingly quiet, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of Clayed Cuba at 25@26c, Muscovado at 26@29c; and New Orleans at 40@41c, 4 months. By auction, 200 barrels New Orleans sold at 36@37c, cash.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has been quite limited, and prices are unsettled and lower. Sales of 1000 bush at $5,75@6,50 ₱ 64 lbs from first and second hands. Timothy is wanted; sales at $2,25@2,37½ ₱ bush. There is no Flaxseed offering. It is worth $1,75.

SUGAR—Supplies have been coming forward more freely since our last weekly report, but the demand has been quite limited and prices are rather weak. Sales of 300 hhds New Orleans at 7½@8c ₱ lb, on time. By auction 190 hhds damaged New Orleans sold at 5½@7½c; chiefly at 6¾ @6¾c.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet a moderate inquiry within the range of our quotations. N E Rum commands 36@38c. Whiskey is held with increased firmness. Sales of Penna bbls at 28c; Ohio 29@30c; hhds at 27½c, and drudge at 26½c.

TALLOW is in limited request. Sales of City Rendered at 10½c, and Country at 10½c, cash.

TOBACCO is steady, and prices, particularly for manufactured, are looking up.

WOOL—There has been quite a lull in the market, but the stock in the dealers' hands is very materially reduced, and holders are firm in their demands. Among the sales we notice some fine at 60@63c; full blood at 58c; Merino pulled at 48@ 50c, and unwashed at 33c ₱ lb, cash.

☞ It is a literal fact that at a dinner given on the 22d of February at Pittsburg, Pa., Dr. Dake gave as a sentiment: "When Gabriel blows his horn, may George Washington be the first to arise."

☞ Employment is nature's physician.—*Galen.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
RAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
K. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Good Idea.—The English druggists are about adopting a hexangular bottle with deep flutings, to put poisons in, which are sold by retail. This is to prevent persons making mistakes by getting hold of the wrong bottle. As an additional security, the neck of the bottle is so contracted that but a drop at a time can be poured out. The very deliberate and cautious action thus produced will, it is believed, deter any one from taking overdoses of medicine; while it is difficult to imagine a case in which a person could pour out and take the whole contents of one of these bottles in mistake for something else.

The man who learned seven languages in a trance, appeared in public, at New Bedford, on Thursday evening. The *Standard* says:—"As a specimen of his powers of language, he said 'a che who! wig-wag polly-wag a smoksy,' which he said he could not interpret, and there was no one else in the room who could."

The Boston Express says that a Baptist clergyman and his wife, who reside in this vicinity, have the pleasure of daily gathering around their firesides four daughters, who were born in four different quarters of the globe, viz.: One in Europe, one in Asia, one in Africa, and one in America.

Rev. Dr. Ide showed some "eight-dollar brandy" at a temperance meeting in Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday evening, the 9th, which was manufactured at a cost of only ten cents per gallon.

The loss in fruit trees in Illinois within the last three years, is estimated at about $3,000,000. The retentive nature of a clay subsoil is supposed to be the cause.

The London Illustrated Times says that Charles Dickens has refused £10,000 ($50,000,) to lecture for one year in this country.

The Key Murder.—The Grand Jury of Washington have found a true bill against Mr. Sickles for murder. The bill against Butterworth was dismissed.

Mr. Francis Gouldy, who was so fearfully assaulted by his son in October last, has so far recovered his former health as to leave his house. The other sufferers from the "Gouldy tragedy" have recovered.

A Cincinnati paper says the Spanish quarters are being bought up in the East at twenty-one and a half cents, and sent there and put off on the dealers at twenty-five cents. A merchant, a few days since, received in payment of his bills $300 in this coin.

A native cow, belonging to Mr. Isaac Clark, of Middleboro', Mass., recently had three well-developed calves at one birth, two of which are alive and doing well.

The Indiana Senate, by a vote of 30 to 9, have refused to pass a law prohibiting members of that body from carrying deadly weapons while in attendance on its sessions.

Senor Givin, a tobacco planter of Cuba, believes that a crucifix which he possesses has bestowed upon him the power of restoring the blind to sight, to heal the lame, and cure the halt, and, what is still more singular, his friends and neighbors share in the delusion, declaring that he cured a man who had been lame for many years, by laying his hands upon him.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—8 head Brownlee, Ohio, 8@9; 12 B Young, Va, 9@10; 19 B Baldwin, Chester co, 8½@10½; 25 Landis, Dauphin co, 9@10½; 24 W Heginbath, Fayette co, 10½; 38 J Hannaker, Lancaster co, 9½@10½; 16 Coates & Trainer, Chester co, 9@10½; 26 Willard, by Bradley, Va, 9½@10½; 19 Woodburn, by Strickland, Pa, 8@9½; 18 Trourman, Ohio, 7½@9; 10 Chrishbaum, Franklin co, 9@10½; 30 B Gray, Ohio, 8½@10; 16 Goulden & Shelby, Bucks co, 9@10. Sheep—1500 sold from 5½ to 7c ₩ lb, gross, equal to 14c ₩ lb dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—67 head Bastable, sold by Cochran & McCall, Md, 9½@10½; 42 Musselman, sold by P McFillen, Lancaster co, 9½@10½; 52 Adams, Ohio, by Seldomridge, 9@10½; 35 J McFillen, Chester co, 9@10½; 29 W Copeland, Ohio, 9@10½; 10 W Alexander, Chester co, 9@10½; 13 Baldwin, by McCall, Lancaster co, 9@10; 25 Darlington & Hood, Chester co, 9@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 19.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm—sales of 9000 bbls at $6,50@6,80 for State, $6,65@6,80 for Ohio. Wheat quiet. Corn firm at 89½@90c for mixed. Pork heavy at $17,87@18,37 for Mess, and $13,20@13,25 for Prime. Lard dull. Whiskey firm at 29c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '67	116	—
" " '68	115	—
" 6 " coupon '74	103½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	94½	—
" " new	103½	104
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	65
All'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	53½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	—
" 5 "	93	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
" 6 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101½	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1867-8	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	—
Philadelphia	118	—
Far & Mec	30½	—
Commercial	—	51½
N Liberty	60	65
Mechanics	28	28½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	53½
Kensington	60½	—
Girard	12½	12½
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	46½	—
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	22½	23
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	59½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	59	—
Exchange "	58	62
Kentucky Ky.	116	118
Northern "	124	—
Louisville "	120	125
Farmers "	132	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Planters "	108	—
N Orlns Light	144	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	24	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	—	4
New Granada	1	—
N America Ins'ance	144	—
N Liberties Gas	30½	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	63
Bonds	—	91

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	101	101½
2nd "	93½	—
stock		
Interest off	45	45½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	116½	117½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	83	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	74	—
stock	—	34½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	89½
stock	42	43
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	36	—
6 pr ct loan '80	97½	—
Ches Val R R 7s	41	43
Tioga R R 7s	89	—
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	71½
2d "	—	56
stock	9½	—
Catawissa	—	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	—	38
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	—
6 pr ct loan	67½	68
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	52½	55
6 pr ct loan		100
Minehill R R	59½	59½
Har and Lan R R stock	59½	59½
bonds '83	94	96
L. Schuylkil R R stock	21	23
Long Island R R stock	10½	11
bonds	85	—
Erie R R stock	11	—
Hudson River R R	35½	—
N Y Central "	79½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	87½	—
Michigan Southern	75½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	57½	73½
Imp. 6 pr ct	77	77½
stock	9½	9½
preferred	19½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip "	—	29
Morris Canal'd	48½	—
preferred	104½	105½
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	24	3
bonds	94½	95½
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	93½	—

A REMEDY.

A sure and certain remedy for all diseases of the stomach and digestive organs is HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. They never fail in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, or Nervous Debility. The use of a bottle or two will work wonders. Try them. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

Bassein, Burmah, July 26th, 1858.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son:—

Your valuable PAIN KILLER has gained a high reputation among all classes in this province, and there is a great demand for it here. Some who praise it highly have requested me to write you for a supply. * * * * If, therefore, you will send me six hundred bottles, you will confer a great favor upon me, and especially upon the Karens. I will pay you through the treasurer of our society. Sincerely yours,

J. S. BEECHER, Missionary.

TO CURE DYSPEPSIA, has long been a "consummation devoutly to be wished for" by the physician and the patient. The cures effected by the Oxygenated Bitters, should satisfy both classes, that under whichsoever of its Protean forms this disease appears, it readily succumbs to the above remedy.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William G. Dunfor, to Miss Susan Chambers, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Chas. Brown, Mr. James Buck, to Miss Anna M. Kenley, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. Isaac Green, to Miss Mary J. Manley, both of Delaware county.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. Eugene C. Benyaurd, to Miss Malvina H. Raymond, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. Barnes, Mr. Jonas Hollingshead, to Miss Hannah A. daughter of Paul C. Laning, of Camden, N. J.

At Manayunk, on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Fulton, Mr. Jacob Highley, of Roxborough, to Miss Elizabeth Heap, of Manayunk.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. Nathan Marple, of Germantown, to Miss Sallie Harner.

On the 4th instant, at Rising Sun, by the Rev S. Irwin, Mr. John Pearson, of Tioga county, Pa. to Miss Rebecca A. C. daughter of Isaac Archer, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, Mrs. Jane M. Rulon, daughter of the late John Magee.

On the 13th instant, Rev. William Alexander, Assistant to the Rector of the Church of the Atonement, aged 62 years.

On the 15th instant, Robert M. son of Dr. Jos. B. Strafford, aged 31 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. Samuel Rowand, aged 56 years.

On the 14th instant, Miss Sarah Thomas, aged 42 years.

On the 15th instant, James Wallace, aged 33.

On the 12th instant, Mary A. E. wife of Edw. Totten, aged 27 years.

On the 13th instant, Miss Annie Mitchell, aged 58 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Hannah Seltzer, aged 71 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman, aged 67 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, aged 57 years.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Hannah Harrison, aged 90 years.

In Chester Valley, on the 14th instant, Ann, wife of D. C. Lee, Esq. aged 68 years.

At Brownstown, Wyalusing, Pa., March 3d, Capt. Daniel Brown, aged 88 years, 5 months and 28 days. Thos. Brown, the father of Daniel Brown, emigrated from Connecticut at an early period, and settled in the Valley of Wyoming; he was the father of twenty-one children, of whom Daniel was the last survivor, and two of whom, Thomas and John, were killed at the massacre. Patience Brown, the wife of Thomas Brown, Sr., escaped from the fort with six children, among whom was Daniel, then about eight years old. Thomas, the father, being a cripple, could not keep up with the family, and was overtaken by two Indians, who suffered him to escape in consequence of being a cripple. After Gen. Sullivan's expedition in 1779 against the Indians, Thomas Brown with his family returned to Wyoming. Some few years afterwards, Humphrey and Daniel Brown settled at Wyalusing, near the place occupied by the Moravians in 1765, and called by them Freidens-huetten. Daniel Brown continued to live on the same place first settled by him until his death, and he is supposed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming Massacre.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 19, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis		Solvent banks	½ dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	½ dis	State bank	½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

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ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

I desire the members of this high court of morals in medicine, to give the following their consideration. I ask them for the sake of humanity;—

Remember.—We cannot be sick, we can have no pain, but when some natural outlet for the blood's impurities is closed or inactive.

In the year 1751 this great truth was announced in the following propositions:—

That impurity of the blood, by impeding the circulation produces inflammation or derangement of that organ or tissue, where the impurity has deposited itself.

That medical men have applied different names to the derangement of each organ, according to the greater or less violence of the symptoms.

That there is but one disease. These various groups of derangements and symptoms, having impurities of the blood for their common source, and differing from each other only in degree of intensity.

The announcintor of this simple theory, of the unity and identity of disease, was so fully convinced of its sterling truth that for thirty years he gave his whole attention to the composition of a medicine, whose effects should be to remove all the blood's impurities by the agency of the circulation to the bowels, whose office would be to expel them from the body—thus curing all local and general affections by taking away what they fed upon. He was eminently successful, after so many years of laborious research in producing a medicine mild in its operations and safe under all circumstances, yet sufficiently powerful to pervade the whole system. Incapable of injuring the most tender, yet energetic enough for the most powerful constitution. Capable of being digested and mixing with the blood, it acted on the system strictly in accordance with the laws of the animal economy. To this medicine was given the name of "Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills."

A rapid glance at the uses of the blood and the conditions upon which depend its healthy production, may dispel some of the erroneous notions and unfounded theories which have obstructed the path of inquiry, and may lead to recognition of the doctrine for which I contend.

It is from the productive power of the blood the solids are formed and their vitality sustained. The blood takes up and carries away the worn out particles of the body, and supplies the new ones for the repairs of the structure, and the due exercise of its functions. It supplies nourishment for the growth of parts and for the reparation of their daily waste. By it wounds are healed and those granulations formed which fill up the cavities of ulcers. Blood is requisite to the action of the nervous system; cut off its communication and the sensibility of a member is lost. The vigor and activity of animal life depend upon its condition, and according to the qualities of the mass when the disease sets in, are the chances of recovery. From it the secretions are all derived. Bile, urine, gastric juice, saliva, &c., however different in appearance and character, all have the blood for their common source. Now if the circulation is accelerated or impeded by foreign matters and the digestive organs are impaired, the blood is further degenerated from a state of health; the liver becomes torpid, and performs its functions imperfectly, the lungs sympathise with the general disorder, and vitalize it but feebly. If waste particles are detained in the circulation, they become deposited and form tumors and abscesses or produce violent fevers. If the secretions are retained or deficient in quantity, dyspepsia, jaundice and a thousand other evils follow. These various conditions of the blood produce local or general disease. But it is evident they all spring from one cause—impure blood.—Expel this impurity by judicious purgation, and you must eradicate the disease, for disease cannot be present in that person whose blood is pure. Common sense tells us this. Accumulative experience of many years has infallibly proved it. If this doctrine was contrary to reason, yet if experience should invariably prove it, we must discard reason and cling to the fact experience has taught us. But here reason and experience go hand in hand. Brandreth's pills by restoring the blood in its primal purity and natural course, will remove diseases by whatever technical term may be known or defined by medical men.

The theory of one disease and one method of cure is not supposed to be gaining ground rapidly, but the idea of the unity of disease is being gradually developed. And in schools of medicine it is even now taught "that an outward ulcer and an inward abscess, though the results of different proximate causes, are occasioned by impurity of the blood, and are cured by purging it."

The doctrines of unity of disease, and of one method of cure are but the two halves of one great truth; and the existence of this one cure, or universal remedy, becomes a rational subject of inquiry, and is susceptible of proof.

The cures effected by the use of Brandreth's pills in the one hundred and eight years they have been before the public, have placed their claims to this distinction beyond all question. Time has established their universal utility and applicability to disease; and as the medicine which can cure can also prevent disease, their prudent use during seasons of epidemics and contagions, have preserved many valuable lives.

Thousands of persons in the cities and villages of the United States can be referred to who have been restored to health by their use. By no other power than their own inherent virtues could they, for so long a period, have kept favor with the public, and have extended their reputation from continent to continent.

The undersigned himself has prepared Brandreth's vegetable pills for upwards of thirty years, and has had opportunities of testing their sanitary properties in an extensive practice. Their value in cases of recent sickness must be observed or experienced to receive the credit they deserve. I have seen asthma relieved, and gradually give way to their influence. More than this—I have known consumption cured by them, even after tuberculous deposition had taken place. But rheumatism, fevers, smallpox, fever and ague, erysipelas, and violent diseases generally soon yield to the mild but energetic sway of Brandreth's pills. They are in truth a universal purgative for whatever is in the blood and fluids, which has no business there; whatever and wherever the deposit of morbific matter may have taken place, this medicine having, through digestion, entered the circulation, penetrates every recess of the body, and either expels, or causes to be absorbed for expulsion, every unhealthy particle. Brandreth's pills are now given in practice by forty-nine hundred conscientious physicians in the United States. They have found that their patients may take the pills without regard to the weather, or other disturbing causes; their effects, at all time, being certain and salutary. The pills are now daily administered to youth, manhood and old age, and are given to females under the most critical and delicate circumstances, because they do not disturb or shock the animal functions, but restore their order and re-establish health.

Brandreth's Pills are made of herbs, roots, extracts and essences, and are therefore purely vegetable. No chemical production enters into their composition. The Brandreth Pills prove that there are within us faculties, both bodily and intellectual, with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have a power, for restoring health to the body and mind.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are admirably adapted to overcome the diseases of hot climates, their prompt action preventing congestions of the brain or viscera, and clearing away those obstructions of the intestinal canal, and those engorgements of the large veins, which occasion so many alarming symptoms, leading to rapid dissolution under the heat of a tropical sun.

By their use the blood's vitality and energy are sustained, for by keeping it free from oppression or taint, it is enabled to withstand all those insidious approaches of diseases to which persons of bad blood are always predisposed.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are fast superseding every other medicine. The fact that they have been known in England and the United States for a period of 108 years, is not only an evidence of public estimation, but of their necessity to the public health.

Every one who is prevailed upon to use this inestimable medicine, feels under lasting obligations to those who overcame his prejudices. And those who have become experimentally acquainted with its value, feel that their time and energies could not be better employed than to the elucidation of its sanitary, its health producing properties.

The public's servant. B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS 25 cents per box, and those coated with sugar by a new process, 12 in a box, 13 cents per box. For sale at the Principal Office, Brandreth's Building, corner of Broadway and Canal street, New York: at Dr. Brandreth's Philadelphia Office, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets; by Mrs. Shaeffer, No. 14 North Eighth street, and by T. W. Dyott & Sons. mar19-2t

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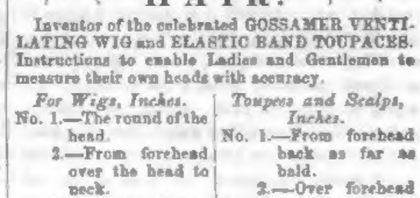

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THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS at the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LOND

Wit and Humor

DINNER-TABLE ANECDOTES.

John Hancock was in embarrassed circumstances in the latter part of his life, and a venerable gentleman, whose society I sometimes enjoy, has told me that he had often heard, on the first day of term, when the docket was called, the Crier exclaim, "John Hancock, John Hancock, come into court and answer unto John Doe, or your default will be recorded!" And this when he was Governor of the State. But in those blessed days for lawyers, nobody minded being sued, and nobody bothered himself about paying his debts, except upon compulsion, unless it suited his convenience. Still, he found means to exercise a most abundant hospitality. The gentleman I have quoted, who is probably the last surviving guest of the multitudes Hancock entertained—since he died sixty-five years ago—described to me a dinner party he particularly remembered. There were not less than fifty or sixty at table, but the host did not sit at meat with them. He ate at a little side table, and sat on a wheel chair, in which he wheeled himself about the general table to speak with his guests. This was because of his gout, of which he made a political as well as social excuse for doing as he pleased. On the occasion in question, when the guests were in the height of animated conversation, and just as the cloth was drawn, they were interrupted by a tremendous crash. A servant, in removing a cut-glass epergne, which formed the central ornament of the table, let it fall, and it was dashed in a thousand pieces. An awkward silence fell upon the company, who hardly knew how to treat the accident, when Hancock relieved their embarrassment by cheerfully exclaiming, "James, break as much as you like, but don't make such a confounded noise about it!" And under cover of the laugh this excited, the fragments were removed, and the talk went on as if nothing had happened. This, it strikes me, was the presence of mind of true good breeding.

It was a little different view from the one taken by Sheridan, when a similar accident happened at a table where he was dining. The servant, letting a tray full of plates fall, the master of the house demanded "what he had broken?" "Nothing, sir," said the man. "What!" exclaimed Sheridan, indignantly, "have you made all that noise for *nothing*?" Hancock's mode of meeting this emergency reminds me of an incident somewhat like it, with which I will conclude my discourse: Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose daughter married Mr. Alexander Baring, afterward Lord Ashburton, was ambitious of representing Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States. To this end, he canvassed the Legislature sedulously, and, like a wise man, plied them abundantly with good dinners. In this service he was ably assisted by his wife. One day, when he was entertaining a party of legislators, a representative from a rural district broke a dessert plate, one of a priceless set of Sevres porcelain, fit for a gift to kings, and worth its weight in gold. Seeing the consternation and distress of her guest, Mrs. Bingham at once relieved him by saying to him, with an air of perfect unconcern, "it is of no sort of consequence, for this ware is exceedingly brittle, and breaks very easily." And, by way of illustration, she struck the plate before her with her knife, and broke it in pieces. Then, ordering them to be removed, and fresh ones brought, the worthy man had the whole load of mortification taken from his mind. I forget whether Mr. Bingham was elected or not. I think *not*: but I hope that man, at least, voted for him.—*Bytes in Tribune.*

TAKING A CENSUS.

Never gave you a history of my census-taking, I believe. Well, I took Jim Walker's place while he was laid up in Chicago, and I had some tough customers, I tell you. I came along one day to a cabin some four or five miles from any neighbors; in answer to my knock, an old woman about forty came to the door.

"How d'ye do? Walk in; folks all gone; take a cheer; were you wantin' to see my old man?"

"No, madam," said I, after accepting her invitation, "I am taking the census."

"The who?" said she.

"The census of the people, the——"

"Oh, lor'; well, you won't find much sense in the people about here, the fever'n ager's shook it all out on 'em."

I proceeded to explain.

"Dear suz, I thought you might be a magnetism man or a frenoledger."

I proceeded to get her husband's name and age, also the children; but when I asked her age, she came down on me flat; I smoothed it over, however, and let it go. Rising, I said:

"Is there any one else in your family?"

"There's Aunt Sally, but you don't want her name, do you?"

"Certainly, ma'am," I replied, and proceeded to take it at once.

"Then there's old Jerry, but he's ceenamost gin out this fall. I don't think the poor feller'll last to another spring."

"Jerry—what is his other name?"

"Oh, he haint got no other name; we never call him nothing else."

"How old is he?"

"Why, let me see; fifteen, twenty, twenty-six—he must be hard on to thirty!"

"An old man at thirty?"

"Old man! Who's talking about old man? I'se telling you 'bout the old hoss."

Perhaps I didn't pick up my hat; perhaps I didn't take a very hasty leave; well, perhaps not."

Juvenile Precocity.—A little child of this city, who is acknowledged by all to be pretty smart, was holding a very animated conversation with one of about its own years, a few days since. A portion of it was overheard, and it appeared to be a dispute as to what their "mothers could do." After naming over various meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, the one in question put an end to the dispute by exclaiming: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my *mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!*"

"NO GREAT HAND FOR ANGELS."

Last Monday an old lady entered a well known book store, and inquired for a "Treatise on Angels." She made the inquiry of a boy, and was told they hadn't got no such book." This remark caught the ear of the principal salesman, and as he always sells something to everybody who enters the store, he stepped forward and addressed the old lady:

"We're just out of the book you're in search of, ma'am, but we've got Fox's Book of Martyrs, crammed full of pictures—*splendid* book for a present."

"La sakes, dew tell!" exclaimed the customer, examining the book; "why, here's a picter of a chap drinkin' pizen, and here's a lot of men asawin' a poor feller's head off!"

"That gentleman, there, ma'am," explained the salesman, elucidating the picture, "is taking a melted lead sangaree; and the other individual is about to be perforated in the intestines with a patent manure fork. I guess you'd like it better than a work on angels."

"Well, now, that ere is a better book, I guess, than anything else. What mought the price on it be?"

"Twenty shillings, ma'am; very cheap book, that."

"Well, dew it up. My darter's just got married, and I calkerlate to make her a present. She wanted suthin about angels, but I never was no great hand for angels, no how."

The sale completed, and the customer gone, the principal called up the boy.

"Sonny," said he, "see here; when you're asked for a thing which you haven't got, *always show the nearest article like it that you have.*"

The urchin looked reflective, and was about to ask the resemblance between "Lives of the Angels" and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," but he didn't.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

One of the Brokers.—The greatest feats at *shaving* used to be performed by one of the Buffalo brokers. He used to rake down the whole bill, and make one hundred per cent. clear profit on the transaction. The way he did it was this:

He kept an exchange office near the canal basin, and had a lot of counterfeits stuck up on the wall behind the counter, with "Counterfeit Bills" in great black letters over them—while on the counter stood a box of wafers.

A canaller would rush into the office and ask for change for a bill. Old Specie would take the bill very blandly, put on his spectacles and give a look at it. The moment he did so, his whole countenance would change. With an indignant look he would petrify his astonished customer; and in grim silence, still keeping his eye on the canaller, he would feel for the wafer box—stick a couple of wafers on the back of the bill—turn around and fasten it among the counterfeits with an indignant jam—then, turning, he would open his mouth, and assail the wretched culprit in the manner following, to wit: "You miserable scoundrel! what do you mean by offering me a bad bill? If there's an officer in sight I'll have you arrested!" with which address he would make as if he would sally from behind the counter, whereupon the canaller would incontinently flee for his life—and the old gentleman would sweep the bill into his money drawer, and "rest from his labors."

THE CHESS-BOARD.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand:
The double Castles guard the wings:
The Bishop bent on distant things,
Moves, aidling, through the fight.
Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah, me! the little battle's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry;
Full many a move since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune played—
What is it we have won?
This, this at least—if this alone,—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played, together!

Coffee.—Coffee is derived from the Arabic *Kahwah*, Turkish *Kahve*. The English word evidently comes direct from the Turkish. The coffee-plant is a native of Abyssinia, and not of Arabia; for it was not known at Mecca until 1454, only forty years before the discovery of America. From Arabia it spread to Egypt and Turkey, and from the last-named country was brought to England in 1650. In sixty years' time it was familiarly known, at least in fashionable society, as we find from Pope's well-known lines in the *Rape of the Lock*,—

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."

—*Timbs' Things Not Generally Known.*

Whittington And His Cat.—This nursery story has been well known in Persia for centuries. It was imported into Europe much about the same time as others of which Boccaccio, Sachetti, etc., availed themselves. There is an old Hungarian tradition to the same effect; both were doubtless derived from the same source. In these instances the story is, of course, unconnected with any English worthy and we do not believe it was applied to Sir Richard Whittington until late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when some such men as Richard Johnson, author of the "Seven Champions," or Thomas Delony, author of "The Six Yeomen of the West," converted the tale to their own purposes.

A SKETCH IN A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE-ROOM.

Showing how distinguished Senators wear out their lives in the service of an ungrateful country!

Agricultural.

OUR FRUIT LIST.

We again present our Fruit List carefully revised. We believe it to embrace as choice and valuable varieties, of the several kinds named, as can be selected. It should, however, always be remembered that a few good varieties, known to be regular bearers, of desirable quality, and adapted to the locality, should be preferred to an extended variety, one-half of which may be indifferent bearers, or badly mature their fruit.

Apples.—In one hundred trees of eighteen varieties of Apples, we should plant as follows:—

8 American Summer Pearmain,	4 White Seek-No-Further,
6 Fall Pippin,	8 Rambo,
4 Golden Pippin,	4 Porter,
14 Baldwin,	6 Rhode Island Greening,
4 Hays,	4 Roxbury Russet,
4 Gravenstein,	6 Esopus Spitsenburg,
6 Fornwalder,	4 Maiden's Blush,
6 Yoder Pippin, or the Newton Pippin,	6 Yellow Bellflower.
4 Hubbardston's Nonesuch,	—
2 Lady Apple,	100

Pears.—For twenty-five pear trees, to be selected from thirteen varieties, we would plant:

2 Bloodgood,	2 Clairgeau,
2 Rostiezar,	1 Belle Lucrative,
3 Seckel,	1 Chancellor,
3 Bartlett,	2 Flemish Beauty,
2 Ott,	1 Uvedales's St. Germain, (baking.)
2 Lawrence,	—
2 Brandywine,	25
2 Kingsessing,	

Pears on Quince Stocks.—From twenty varieties we should select the following fifty:

4 Duchess d'Angouleme,	2 Seckel,
4 Vicar of Wakefield,	2 Paradise d'Automne
2 Easter Buerre,	2 Ott,
2 Glout Morceau,	2 Noiveau Poite au,
4 Louise Bonne,	2 Ty son,
4 Buerre d'Anjou,	2 Summer Frank Real,
4 Sieulle,	2 Belle Lucrative,
2 Duchess d'Orleans,	2 St. Michael d'Archange,
2 Henry IV.,	2 Buerre Diel,
2 Doyenne Boussac,	—
2 Lawrence,	50

Peaches.—The following list of Peaches for general cultivation, is perhaps as good as can be presented. It has the sanction of the best authority. They ripen in the order in which they are here placed:

Free-Stones.	Nivette,
Early York,	Ward's Late Free,
Early Newington,	Noblesse,
Cooledge's Favorite,	Late Red Rareripe,
George IV.,	Yergen's Yellow,
Grosse Migononne,	Druid Hill.
Crawford's Early,	*Cling-Stones.*
Brevort,	Large White,
Oldmixon Free,	Oldmixon,
Morris White,	Heath
Bellegrade,	

Cherries.—For one dozen Cherries the following will meet every requisition, and cannot be excelled. One tree of each variety might be enough, according to space and demand.

1 Governor Wood,	1 Early Richmond,
1 Black Tartarian,	1 Downer's Late,
1 Bigarreau,	1 Elton,
1 Black Eagle,	1 Belle d'Choissy,
1 Mayduke,	1 Reine Hortense.
1 Kirtland's Mary,	—
1 Triumph of Cumberland,	12

For *six* varieties, we should select Governor Wood, Early Mayduke, Black Tartarian, Black Eagle, Triumph of Cumberland, and Early Richmond.

Raspberries.—For private cultivation, there is no Raspberry that equals *Brinckle's Orange*. It is, beyond all comparison, the most luscious; the cane is an excellent bearer, and continues to mature its fruit for from four to six weeks. The so-called *Allen* promises to be an acquisition; it is hardy, but of its bearing qualities we cannot yet speak. The old-fashioned Red Purple Stem, commonly known here as the *English Purple*, (now claimed as a native) is perhaps best for general cultivation and market purposes. It never fails to bear a good crop, is very hardy, and is always to be found when wanted, doing its whole duty.

Plums.—This fruit is so complete a failure in this region, as not to be worth mentioning.—The *Washington*, *Golden Drop* and *Butler* are among the best—the last is the finest variety we know anything about. What its name is "in the books," we cannot say.

Gooseberries.—The *English Silver*, or Houghton's Seedling, we consider the best that we have yet tried. Fruit of medium size, an abundant bearer, fine flavor, and the fruit remaining on the bushes a long while.

Currants.—The *Dutch Red* and *White*, and the *Neapolitan Black*. There is a large new variety called the *Cherry*, which is becoming popular, but we prefer the varieties named above. It is hard to improve upon them.

Grapes.—For out door culture, so far as our experience goes, we should select the *Diana*, *Concord*, *Isabella* and *Catawba*. The *Diana* and *Rebecca* are undoubtedly fine varieties, but they are difficult of cultivating, and are very slow growers. The Diana has fruited with us the second year, is hardy, and possesses great excellence. The Concord also fruited the second year from setting out, and is, in our judgment, *equal to the best out-door grape*. The vine is a great grower, ripens its wood fully, and we believe it would stand the hardest Canadian winter. We recommend it confidently to all grape-growers for general cultivation.

There are other varieties, which we shall be enabled to speak of in another year. Among these are the *Cassiday*, *Garrigues*, *Lenox*, *Emily*, *Clinton*, and *Hartford Prolific*. The grape is a fine fruit, and should be cultivated upon every farm and in every garden. Only give it room and verge enough, and do not prune it to death, manure and mulch, and there will be plenty of good fruit. If there can be no other arrangement provided for a vine, set it against a tree that is not valued much, and give it a free run. It may cause some trouble in gathering the fruit, but it will yield an abundance of it, well ripened and luscious, such as will rarely be obtained with all the trellises, trainings and prunings.

Strawberries.—We like *Hovey's Seedling* the best as a standard variety, but care should be taken in bedding the plants, not to place them nearer than a foot apart each way. Between two beds three feet wide, put a single row of male plants—the Hovey being a female—for which purpose the *Boston Pine* is excellent, at a distance of two feet six inches apart, and be careful to cut the runners as fast as they appear, or they will soon *run out* the pistillate or female plants.

Wilson's Albany Seedling is undoubtedly a fine variety, producing abundantly, and just now is the most popular in the market. It is a great bearer, of good flavor, and is a hermaphrodite variety. Taken altogether, it is, perhaps, to be preferred to any other for general cultivation. It will be extensively grown this season.

The *Hooker* is also regarded as a fine variety, of better flavor than the Albany Seedling, and nearly as productive. It is well adapted to private gardens, being too tender to carry any distance to market.

The *Peabody*, though not a productive variety, is superior, we think, to almost every other variety as to flavor. We also find it hardy, but requiring more careful cultivation than most others.

Longworth's Prolific is also well spoken of by those who have fruited it. We have a small bed which will be in full bearing this season.

There is no crop more easily raised than the strawberry. When the soil is not light and well drained, it ought to be trenched 18 to 20 inches; and though the soil thrown to the surface may be poor, it will produce a better crop the first season, if well manured, by reason of the roots striking down, than if the soil was ever so rich, with a hard subsoil. A mulching with grass, straw, or hay, after forming a bed, has a striking effect on starting and keeping the young plants in a healthy, growing condition. After the fruit is set, until it begins to color, the strawberry bed should be liberally watered every day—the oftener and more the better.

Make careful selections of fruit trees and vines, and plant them as early as the ground will admit. All should grow fruit.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

No despending, no repining!
Leisure must by toil be bought;
Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand and thought.
—*Barry Cornwall.*

☞ It is a sickening thing to think how many angry and evil passions the mere name of admitted excellence brings into full activity.—*Scott.*

Involuntary Poets.—In ordinary conversation there is a tendency to run into the cadence with which the speaker is most familiar, and it is recorded of John Kemble, as well as of his accomplished sister, Mrs. Siddons, that their table-talk often flowed into blank verse. Sir Walter Scott used to repeat an amusing anecdote of the latter, who, when dining with him one day, unconsciously frightened a foot-boy half out of his wits, by exclaiming, with the look and tone of Lady Macbeth:

"You've brought me water, boy—I asked for beer."

The following scrap of metre occurs, strangely enough, in a scientific treatise by the learned Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell; but I am at this moment unable to lay my hand on the more precise reference:—

"There is no force, however great,
Will draw a line, however fine,
Into a horizontal line
That shall be accurately straight."

But perhaps the oddest instance of involuntary versification is one mentioned by Twining in a note to his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and found where nobody would expect to find such a thing, in Dr. Smith's *System of Optics*. The 47th section, ch. ii. book 1., begins thus:

"When parallel rays
Come contrary ways,
And fall upon opposite sides—"

The possession of such a faculty is, however, no security; for the finer ear of Addison, who would stop the press to add a conjunction, or to erase a comma, allowed the following inelegant jingling sentence to pass without detection:

"What I am *going to mention*, will perhaps deserve your *attention*."

☞ Some, in their discourse, desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ There is too much giving of advice in the world. If a man is able to guide himself aright, let him be grateful. He certainly cannot guide others. We all see things differently.

Useful Receipts.

Hair Falling Off.—"Perruque" writes:—"A young lady of my acquaintance had an attack of low fever about a year ago, after which her hair fell out very much, and by the advice of a physician she made use of rum (by rubbing it on her head), which application appeared to succeed in restoring the hair. However, of late her hair has been falling out in spots (some as large as a shilling), and in other places it is quite bald. Could you suggest anything to promote the growth of my fair friend's hair?" [Let her rub in spirit of turpentine two or three times a week, adding to it a little oil, if the spirit irritates the skin very much. It *should* produce a little increased warmth and redness.]—*London Field.*

A Good Chicken Pie.—My rule, which I have always found good, is this:—Boil the chicken until tender, season with butter, salt, pepper, and two or three slices of pork. Prepare a crust by mixing one cup of cream and two of buttermilk; two and a half teaspoonsful saleratus, and two teaspoonsful salt into flour until it is stiff enough to roll. Cover the sides and bottom of the pan in which you wish to bake it, put in the chicken with a part of the broth; cover with the rest of your dough and bake three quarters of an hour. Thicken the rest of the broth, add a little more butter and you have a good gravy, and if you have the luck that I have always had, a good plain pie.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Premium Whitewash.—As it will soon be time to commence preparations for spring-house cleaning we publish the following, which is used on the President's house, at Washington, and is said to be excellent:

"Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of Spanish whiting; and a pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hanging over a slow fire, in a small kettle inside a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil or paint for wood or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make red pink, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes further and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases the darkness of the shades of course is determined by the quantity of coloring used. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle, and let it dry. We have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash, which makes it crack and peel. When walls have been badly smoked, and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use, before it is stirred in the mixture. If a larger quantity than five gallons be wanted, the same proportions should be observed."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 8, 50, 17, 41, 2, 10, 19. was one of the public games in Greece.
My 4, 20, 28, 40, 30, was a celebrated prose writer.
My 1, 22, 35, 29, 11, 24, 43. was taken prisoner in the battle of Pavia.
My 8, 32, 48, 34, 49, was a King of Russia.
My 11, 39, 19, 23, 45, 44, 42, 46, 26, was a Chinese philosopher.
My 8, 31, 38, 16, 45, was an Italian poet.
My 35, 50, 3, the birth-place of a Scotch poet.
My 51, 10, 36, 18, 9, 21, 7, 30, 39, 14, 53, 12, 27, 17, 52, was a French Queen, celebrated for her beauty.
My 44, 33, 21, 46, 12, 32, 22, was an early English poet.
My 31, 45, 15, 25, 44, 34, was a Latin poet.
My 13, 24, 29, 6, 4, 33, 21, 36, 37, was a French chronicler.
My 20, 12, 40, 47, 34, 22, is a poem by a favorite English poet.

My whole is a sentiment ascribed to a great man. LEILA CLAYTON.

Green Village, Maryland.

GEOGRAPHICAL & ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 20, 24, 17, 30, 19, is a river in Oregon Territory.
My 13, 2, 11, 5, 6, is a river in Michigan.
My 10, 27, 3, 14, 17, is a river in Denmark.
My 24, 25, 18, 7, 5, is a river in South America.
My 16, 15, 2, 21, 16, is a river in Turkey.
My 6, 8, 18, 25, 29, is a river in Africa.
My 3, 7, 16, 9, 10, is a river in Austria.
My 28, 4, 16, 19, 25, is a river in Missouri.
My 16, 3, 22, 18, 14, is a river in Lombardy and Venice.
My 1, 16, 9, 19, 15, is a river in Prussia.
My 11, 19, 13, 16, 26, is a river in Australia.
My 22, 6, 3, 2, 20, is a river in Hindoostan.
My 9, 28, 15, 16, 16, is a river in the Russian Empire.
My 25, 16, 18, 15, 14, is a river in the Territory of Utah.
My 17, 13, 5, 23, 25, is a river in the Empire of France.

My whole is a river in the United States.
Acrostically, also a river in the United States.

MYRON A. EDDY.

Hornby, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 12, 4, 16, is a lake in North America.
My 10, 5, 17, 26, 11, 31, is a town in Iowa.
My 6, 27, 14, 3, 22, is a production of Persia.
My 23, 4, 31, 28, 3, is very useful at school.
My 18, 8, 15, 7, 9, is one of the West Indies.
My 13, 19, 30, 26, is a part of the day.
My 24, 2, 29, 11, is a river in North America.
My 7, 25, 16, is very agreeable in summer.

My whole constitutes a noble enterprise.

Dubuque. I. L.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a character well known in America, but I am never found in Europe, Asia or Africa. I never appear in respectable society, but in a gang of marauders, and even murderers, I must confess I am a prominent member. I am very useful, however, for without my aid every man and woman would cease to exist. From the character which I have given of myself, you will doubtless think I am very mysterious, and to strengthen this conclusion, I will merely add, that I have undoubtedly been seen by you in a mirror.

Laporte, Indiana. R. A. R.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first some men will often do,
When their debtor will not pay;
My second is a personal pronoun,
Which you use 'most every day.

My third is a part of an animal:
Now guess it, readers, mine—
When I tell you that my whole
Is a very fearful crime.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal;
My second is what is on it;
My whole is what is used for making certain articles of dress.

Jackson, Missouri. J. L. S.

ANAGRAMS ON RIVERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES C. WALTER.

Robs.	Rode.	Blee.	Hald.
Nod.	Nelse.	Line.	Honer.
Ringe.	Rise.	Lana.	Last.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 2 times 8 be 4 and 8 times 8 be 3, what will the ½ of 12 and the ½ of 20 be? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If a policeman detect men stealing, what ought he to do, and yet not do? Ans.—Stop 'em in it—(stop a minute).

☞ Why can't a deaf man be legally convicted? Ans.—Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

☞ Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Ans.—Because he is used up.

☞ Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man? Ans.—Because it is in firm (infirm).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. CHARADE—Indigo (in-die-go). RIDDLE—Whale. CHARADE—Longacomieg.

☞ Answer to Artemas Martin's Mathematical Problem, put Feb. 26th.—Height of tower, 170 feet; distances from corners of garden, 247.44 feet, and 470.48 feet.

☞ Friendship requires actions. Love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and requite love.—*Jean Paul.*